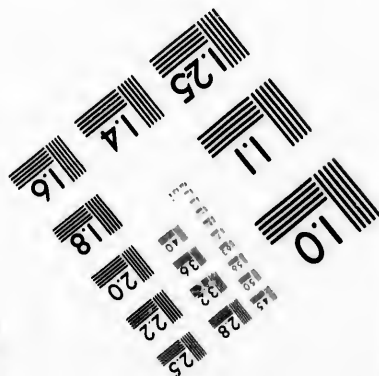
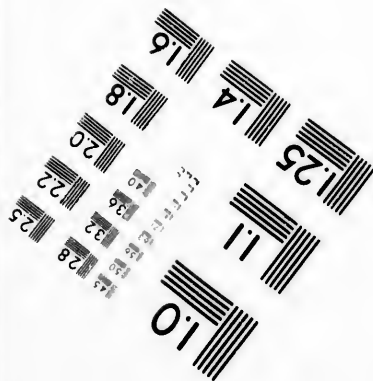
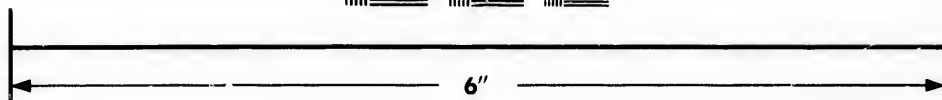
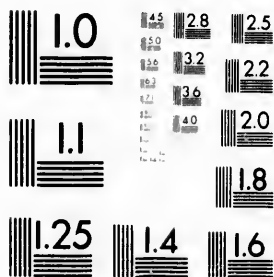


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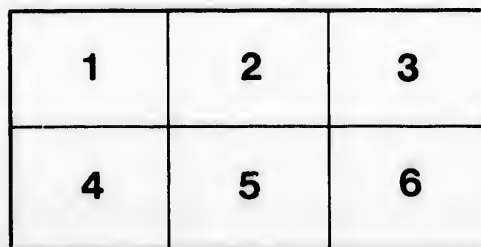
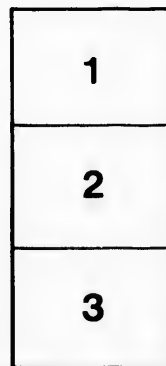
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to

pelure,
on à

CY

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

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T

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

BY

EDMOND ROSTAND

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

GERTRUDE HALL

TORONTO
GEORGE N. MORANG
1898

WHILE
have ha
one of h
him, at
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boastful
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"Nor ma
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rh.
Cyrano is
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INTRODUCTION.

WHILE translating *Cyrano de Bergerac*, I have had moments of fearing lest certain one of his qualities should dispose against him, at the start, Anglo-Saxon audiences, reared in a different ideal. I mean his boastfulness. I have hoped heartily that it would not, making them less sensitive to all there is of him beside. Indeed, boasting has a sort of picturesque good reason for being, when the boaster is better than all his boasts. Does one quarrel with

“Nor marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful
rhyme?”

Cyrano is so comprehensible! To *Cyrano* the world he lives in must be filled with striking generous deeds and sounding generous phrases. The world is slow in performing the first, so he performs them himself. Then, the care of exalting them cannot be left with the world, afflicted with dullness as with slowness, so he talks about them. I am sure *Cyrano* cares very little

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.
CHRISTIAN DE NEUVILLETTE.
COMTE DE GUICHE.
RAGUENEAU.
LE BRET.
CAPTAIN CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX.
LIGNIÈRE.
DE VALVERT.
MONTFLEURY.
BELLEROSE.
JODELET.
CUIGY.
BRISSAILLE.
A BORE.
A MOUSQUETAIRE.
OTHER MOUSQUETAIRE.
A SPANISH OFFICER.
A LIGHT-CAVALRY MAN.
A DOORKEEPER.
A BURGHER.
HIS SON.
A PICKPOCKET.
A SPECTATOR.
A WATCHMAN.
BERTRANDOU THE FIFER.
A CAPUCIN.

Dramatis Personæ.

TWO MUSICIANS.
SEVEN CADETS.
THREE MARQUISES.
POETS.
PASTRYCOOKS.

ROXANE.
SISTER MARTHA.
LISE.
THE SWEETMEAT VENDER.
MOTHER MARGARET.
THE DUENNA.
SISTER CLAIRE.
AN ACTRESS.
A SOUBRETTE.
A FLOWER-GIRL.
PAGES.

The crowd, bourgeois, marquises, mo-
quetaires, pickpockets, pastrycooks, po-
Gascony Cadets, players, fiddlers, pa-
children, Spanish soldiers, spectators. p-
cieuses, actresses, bourgeois, nuns. et

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

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CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

ACT FIRST.

A PLAY AT THE HOTEL DE BOURGOGNE.

The great hall of the Hotel de Bourgogne, in 1640. A sort of tennis-court arranged and decorated for theatrical performances.

The hall is a long rectangle, seen obliquely, so that one side of it constitutes the background, which runs from the position of the front wing at the right, to the line of the furthest wing at the left, and forms an angle with the stage, which is equally seen obliquely.

This stage is furnished, on both sides, along the wings, with benches. The drop-curtain is composed of two tapestry hangings, which can be drawn apart. Above

Harlequin cloak, the royal escutcheon. Broad steps lead from the raised platform of the stage into the house. On either side of these steps, the musicians' seats. A row of candles fills the office of footlights.

Two galleries run along the side; the

Cyrano de Bergerac.

lower one is divided into boxes. No seats in the pit, which is the stage proper. At the back of the pit, that is to say, at the right in the front, a few seats raised like steps, one above the other; and, under a staircase which leads to the upper seats, and of which the lower end only is visible, a stand decorated with small candelabra, jars full of flowers, flagons and glasses, dishes heaped with sweetmeats, etc.

In the centre of the background, under the box-tier, the entrance to the theatre, a large door which half opens to let in the spectators. On the panels of this door, and in several corners, and above the sweetmeat stand, red playbills announcing the play.

CLORISE.

At the rise of the curtain, the house is nearly dark, and still empty. The chandeliers are let down in the middle of the stage until time to light them.

The audience, arriving gradually, consists of cavaliers, burghers, lackeys, pages, the fiddlers, etc.

A tumult of voices is heard beyond the door; enter brusquely a CAVALIER.

DOORKEEPER (*running in after him*).
so fast! Your fifteen pence!

rac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

No seat
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at the ri
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and of wh
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LIER.
ter him).
!

CAVALIER. I come in admission free !
DOORKEEPER. And why ?
CAVALIER. I belong to the king's light
valry !
DOORKEEPER (*to another CAVALIER who
entered*). You ?
SECOND CAVALIER. I do not pay !
DOORKEEPER. But . . .
SECOND CAVALIER. I belong to the mons-
uetaires !
FIRST CAVALIER (*to the SECOND*). It does
begin before two. The floor is empty.
us have a bout with foils. (*They fence
with foils they have brought.*)
A LACKEY (*entering*). Pst ! . . . Flan-
ain !
OTHER LACKEY (*arrived a moment be-
fore*). Champagne ? . . .
FIRST LACKEY (*taking a pack of cards
on his doublet and showing it to SECOND
LACKEY*). Cards. Dice. (*Sits down on
e floor.*) Let us have a game.
SECOND LACKEY (*sitting down likewise*).
ou rascal, willingly !
FIRST LACKEY (*taking from his pocket a
t of candle which he lights and sticks on
e floor*). I prigged an eyeful of my
ater's light !
ONE OF THE WATCH (*to a flower-girl, who*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

comes forward). It is pleasant get
here before the lights. (*Puts his arm
around her waist.*)

ONE OF THE FENCERS (*taking a thrust*)
Hit!

ONE OF THE GAMBLERS. Clubs!

THE WATCHMAN (*pursuing the girl*).
kiss!

THE FLOWER-GIRL (*repulsing him*).
shall be seen!

THE WATCHMAN (*drawing her into a
corner*). No, we shall not!

A MAN (*sitting down on the floor
others who have brought provisions*).
coming early, you get a comfortable ch
to eat.

A BURGHER (*leading his son*).
should be a good place, my boy. L
stay here.

ONE OF THE GAMBLERS. Ace wins!

A MAN (*taking a bottle from under
cloak and sitting down*). A proper to
toping Burgundy, (*drinks*) I say sh
tope it in Burgundy House!

THE BURGHER (*to his son*). Might
not suppose we had stumbled into s
house of evil fame? (*Points with his
at the drunkard.*) Guzzlers! . . .
breaking guard one of the fencers j

Cyrano de Bergerac.

rac. sant gett... Brawlers ! . . . (He falls between

uts his... gamblers.) Gamesters ! . . .

ng a thro... THE WATCHMAN (behind him, still teas-
the flower-girl). A kiss !

ubs !... THE BURGHER (dragging his son precipi-
tely away.) Bless my soul ! . . . And

the girl). reflect that in this very house, my
on, were given the plays of the great

ng him). trou !

er into a... THE YOUTH. And those of the great
meille !

the floor... (A band of PAGES holding hands rush in
performing a farandole and singing.)

ovisions.) PAGES. Tra la la la la la la ! . . .

ortable ch... DOORKEEPER (severely to the PAGES).
ook, now ! . . . you pages, you ! none of
our tricks !

son). FIRST PAGE (with wounded dignity.)

boy. L... : . . . this want of confidence . . .

ace wins !... s soon as the doorkeeper has turned away,

rom unde... sly to the SECOND PAGE.) Have you a

proper to... ing about you ?

I say sh... SECOND PAGE. With a fish-hook at the

1

)). Might... FIRST PAGE. We will sit up there and

led into... for wigs !

s with his... A PICKPOCKET (surrounded by a number

rs ! . . . individuals of dubious appearance.)

fencers j... e, now, my little hopefuls, and learn

Cyrano de Bergerac.

your A B C's of trade. Being as you *with f*
not used to hooking . . . *chiefs*

SECOND PAGE (*shouting to other Pa* THE
who have already taken seats in the up SOME
gallery). Ho ! . . . Did you bring *leg*.)
pea-shooters ? *liers!*

THIRD PAGE (*from above*). Yes ! THE
And pease ! . . . (*shoots down a roll* Beaupr
pease). A P.

THE YOUTH (*to his father*.) What comes t
we going to see ? THE

THE BURGHER. Clorise. *ind the*

THE YOUTH. By whom ? *Raspe*

THE BURGHER. By Balthazar P (*Hubb*
Ah, what a play it is ! . . . (*Goes to* FALSE
the back on his son's arm.) *uffians*

PICKPOCKET (*to his disciples*). Pa ONE O
ularly the canonical gentlemen's lace, *marquis*
you're to snip off carefully ! OTHER

A SPECTATOR (*to another, pointing to* *aly!*
an upper seat). Look ! On the first *ENT*
of the Cid, I was perched up there !

PICKPOCKET (*with pantomimic su*
tion of spiriting away). Watches . . . ONE O

THE BURGHER (*coming forward* *e half*
with his son). The actors you are *ppen*
to see, my son, are among the most *thout*
trious . . . *y feet*

PICKPOCKET (*with show of subt* *d*) (H

rac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

as you *(with furtive little tugs)*. Pocket-handkerchiefs . . .

other Pa THE BURGHER, Montfleury . . .

in the up SOMEBODY *(shouting from the upper gallery)*. Make haste, and light the chandeliers!

Yes! THE BURGHER. Bellerose, l'Épy, the Beaupré, Jodelet . . .

What comes the goody-seller!

THE SWEETMEAT VENDER *(appearing behind the stand)*. Oranges . . . Milk . . . Raspberry cordial . . . citron-wine . . .

Hubbub at the door.)

(Goes to) FALSETTO VOICE *(outside)*. Make room,uffians!

ONE OF THE LACKEYS *(astonished)*. The Marquises . . . in the pit!

OTHER LACKEY. Oh, for an instant only!

ENTER a band of foppish YOUNG MARQUISES.

ONE OF THE MARQUISES *(looking around the half-empty house)*. What? . . . We open in like so many linen-draper's? without disturbing anybody? treading on my feet? . . . Too bad! too bad! too

(He finds himself near several other

Cyrano de Bergerac.

gentlemen, come in a moment before
Cuigy, Brissaille! (*Effusive embraces*).

CUIGY. We are of the faithful indeed
We are here before the lights.

THE MARQUIS. Ah, do not speak of it
. . . It has put me in such a humor!

OTHER MARQUIS. Be comforted, marquise
. . . here comes the candle-lighter!

THE AUDIENCE (*greeting the arrival of*
the candle-lighter). Ah! . . .

(*Many gather around the chandelier*
while they are being lighted. A few have
taken seats in the galleries. LIGNIÈRE
enters, arm in arm with CHRISTIAN DE NEU-
VILLETTE. LIGNIÈRE, *in somewhat disre-*
garded apparel; appearance of gentleman
drunkard. CHRISTIAN, *becomingly dressed*
but in clothes of a slightly obsolete elegance

CUIGY. Lignière!

BRISSAILLE (*laughing*). Not tipsy yet

LIGNIÈRE (*low to CHRISTIAN*). Shall
present you? (*CHRISTIAN nods assent*
Baron de Neuville . . . (*Exchange of*
bows).

THE AUDIENCE (*cheering the ascent of*
first lighted chandelier). Ah! . . .

CUIGY (*to BRISSAILLE, looking at CHRIS-*
TIAN). A charming head . . . char-
ing!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

before
races). FIRST MARQUIS (*who has overheard*).
Pooh! . . .

al indeed LIGNIÈRE (*presenting CHRISTIAN*). Mes-
sieurs de Cuigy . . . de Brissaille . . .

peak of it CHRISTIAN (*bowing*). Delighted! . . .

mor! FIRST MARQUIS (*to SECOND*). He is a
d, marquetty fellow enough, but is dressed in the
ter! fashion of some other year!

arrival LIGNIÈRE (*to CUIGY*). Monsieur is lately
arrived from Touraine.

chandelie CHRISTIAN. Yes, I have been in Paris
A few hours over twenty days. I enter the Guards

LIGNIÈRE tomorrow, the Cadets.

IANDE NE FIRST MARQUIS (*looking at those who ap-
chat dispear in the boxes*). There comes the prési-
gentleman de Aubry!

gly dress SWEETMEAT VENDER. Oranges! Milk!

te eleganc THE FIDDLERS (*tuning*). La . . . la . . .

tipsy ye CUIGY (*to CHRISTIAN, indicating the house
which is filling*). A good house! . . .

N). Shall CHRISTIAN. Yes, crowded.

ods asse FIRST MARQUIS. The whole of fash-
Exchange on!

ascent of *(They give the names of the women, as,
very brilliantly attired, these enter the
boxes. Exchange of bows and smiles.)*

ng at CH SECOND MARQUIS. Mesdames de Gué-
chânée . . .

CUIGY. De Bois-Dauphin . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

FIRST MARQUIS. Whom . . . time was
. . . we loved! . . .

BRISSAILLE. . . . de Chavigny . . .

SECOND MARQUIS. Who still plays havoc
with our hearts!

LIGNIÈRE. *Tiens!* Monsieur de Cornélius
has come back from Rouen!

THE YOUTH (*to his father*). The Academy
enemy is present?

THE BURGHER. Yes . . . I perceive more
than one member of it. Yonder are Boudin,
Boissat and Cureau. . . Porchères, Com-
lomby, Bourzeys, Bourdon, Arbaut . . .
All names of which not one will be for-
gotten. What a beautiful thought
is!

FIRST MARQUIS. Attention! Our pre-
ciouses are coming into their seats . . .
Barthénoide, Urimédonte, Cassandra,
Félixérie . . .

SECOND MARQUIS. Ah, how exquisite
their surnames! . . . Marquis, can you
tell them off, all of them?

FIRST MARQUIS. I can tell them off,
of them, Marquis!

LIGNIÈRE (*drawing* CHRISTIAN aside).
Dear fellow, I came in here to be of use
to you. The lady does not come. I rely
to my vice!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

time wa CHRISTIAN (*imploring*). No! No! . . .
You who turn into ditties Town and Court,
ay . . . say by me : you will be able to tell me for
plays hav whom it is I am dying of love!

le Cornel THE LEADER OF THE VIOLINS (*rapping*
his desk with his bow). Gentlemen!
. . . (*He raises his bow.*)

The Acc SWEETMEAT VENDER. Macaroons . . .
Meronade . . .

receive me *The fiddles begin playing.*)

r are Boud CHRISTIAN. I fear . . . oh, I fear to
chères. C and that she is fanciful and intricate! I
Arbaut . . . are not speak to her, for I am of a simple
will be f The language written and spoken in
thought these days bewilders and baffles me. I am
plain soldier . . . shy, to boot.—She is
Our p ways at the right, there, the end: the
r seats . . . empty box.

Cassanda LIGNIÈRE (*with show of leaving*). I am
ing.

exquisite CHRISTIAN (*still attempting to detain*
is, can y me). Oh, no! . . . Stay, I beseech you!

them off. LIGNIÈRE. I cannot. D'Assoucy is ex-
iting me at the pot-house. Here is a
fatal drought!

TIAN *ask* SWEETMEAT VENDER (*passing before him*
o be of use a tray). Orangeade? . . .

ne. I rev LIGNIÈRE. Ugh!

SWEETMEAT VENDER. Milk? . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

LIGNIÈRE. Pah ! . . .

SWEETMEAT VENDER. *Lacrima ? . . .*

LIGNIÈRE. Stop ! (*To CHRISTIAN*).
will tarry a bit. . . . Let us see this
crima ? (*Sits down at the sweetmeat stand*
The VENDER pours him a glass of lacrima
(Shouts among the audience at the
trance of a little, merry-faced, roly-poly
man.)

AUDIENCE. Ah, Ragueneau ! . . .

LIGNIÈRE (*to CHRISTIAN*). Ragueneau
who keeps the great cook-shop.

RAGUENEAU (*attired like a pastrycook*
his Sunday best, coming quickly towards

LIGNIÈRE). Monsieur, have you seen M
sieur de Cyrano ?

LIGNIÈRE (*presenting RAGUENEAU*
CHRISTIAN). The pastrycook of poets
of players !

RAGUENEAU (*abashed*). Too much ha
or. . . .

LIGNIÈRE. No modesty ! . . . Meet
as ! . . .

RAGUENEAU. It is true, those gentlemen
are among my customers. . .

LIGNIÈRE. Debtors ! . . . A consid
able poet himself. . . .

RAGUENEAU. It has been said ! . . .

LIGNIÈRE. Daft on poetry ! . . .

ac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

na? . . .
RAGUENEAU. It is true that for an
ode . . .

CHRISTIAN).
see this
meat sta
of lacrim
e at the
d, roly-p
! . . .
Raguene
p.
pastrycook
ckly tou
ou seen M
RAGUENEAU. You are willing to give at
y time a tart!

RAGUENEAU. . . . let. A tart-let.

LIGNIÈRE. Kind soul, he tries to cheapen
s charitable acts! And for a triolet were
ou not known to give . . . ?

RAGUENEAU. Rolls. Just rolls.

LIGNIÈRE (*severely*). Buttered! . . .
And the play, you are fond of the play?

RAGUENEAU. It is with me a passion!

LIGNIÈRE. And you settle for your en-
rance fee with a pastry currency. Come
ow, among ourselves, what did you have
o give to-day for admittance here?

RAGUENEAU. Four custards . . . eigh-
en lady-fingers. (*He looks all around*).
onsieur de Cyrano is not here. I wonder
t.

LIGNIÈRE. And why?

RAGUENEAU. Montfleury is billed to
lay.

LIGNIÈRE. So it is, indeed. That ton of
an will to-day entrance us in the part of
phædo . . . Phædo! . . . But what is
at to Cyrano?

RAGUENEAU. Have you not heard? He
interdicted Montfleury, whom he has taken

Cyrano de Bergerac.

in aversion, from appearing for one moment upon the stage.

LIGNIÈRE (*who is at his fourth glass*). Well ?

RAGUENEAU. Montfleury is billed for this play.

CUIGY (*who has drawn near with his companions*). He cannot be prevented.

RAGUENEAU. He cannot ? . . . Well, I am here to see !

FIRST MARQUIS. What is this Cyrano ?

CUIGY. A crack-brain !

SECOND MARQUIS. Of quality ?

CUIGY. Enough for daily uses. He was a cadet in the Guards. (*Pointing out a gentleman who is coming and going about the pit, as if in search of somebody*). His friend Le Bret can tell you. (*Calling to Le Bret ! . . .* (LE BRET comes towards them). You are looking for Bergerac ?

LE BRET. Yes. I am uneasy.

CUIGY. Is it not a fact that he is a most uncommon fellow ?

LE BRET (*affectionately*). The most exquisite being he is that walks beneath the moon !

RAGUENEAU. Poet !

CUIGY. Swordsman !

BRISSAILLE. Physicist !

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LE BR

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RAGUE

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Cyrano de Bergerac.

LE BRET. Musician !

LIGNIÈRE. And what an extraordinary aspect he presents !

RAGUENEAU. I will not go so far as to say that I believe our grave Philippe de Champaigne will leave us a portrait of him ; but, the bizarre, excessive, whimsical fellow that he is would certainly have furnished the late Jacques Callot with a type of madcap fighter for one of his masques. Hat with triple feather, doublet with twice-triple skirt, cloak which his interminable rapier lifts up behind, with pomp, like the insolent tail of a cock ; prouder than all the Artabans of Gascony together, he goes about in his stiff Punchinello ruff, airing a nose. . . . Ah, gentlemen, what a nose is that ! One cannot look upon such a specimen of the nasigera without exclaiming, " No ! truly, the man exaggerates," . . . After that, one smiles, one says : " He will take it off." . . . But Monsieur de Bergerac never takes it off at all.

LE BRET (*shaking his head*). He wears it always . . . and cuts down whoever breathes a syllable in comment.

RAGUENEAU (*proudly*). His blade is half the shears of Fate !

Cyrano de Bergerac.

FIRST MARQUIS (*shrugging his shoulders*).
He will not come !

RAGUENEAU. He will. I wager you a
chicken à la Ragueneau.

FIRST MARQUIS (*laughing*). Very well
(*Murmur of admiration in the house*
ROXANE has appeared in her box. She
takes a seat in the front, her duenna at the
back. CHRISTIAN, engaged in paying the
sweetmeat vender, does not look.)

SECOND MARQUIS (*uttering a series of*
small squeals). Ah, gentlemen, but she
horribly enticing !

FIRST MARQUIS. A strawberry set in
peach, and smiling !

SECOND MARQUIS. So fresh, that being
near her, one might catch cold in the
heart !

CHRISTIAN (*looks up, sees ROXANE, and*
agitated, seizes LIGNIÈRE by the arm).
That is she !

LIGNIÈRE (*looking*). Ah, that is she !

CHRISTIAN. Yes. Tell me at once . . .
Oh, I am afraid ! . . .

LIGNIÈRE (*sipping his wine slowly*).
Magdelene Robin, surnamed Roxane
Subtle. Euphuistic.

CHRISTIAN. Alack-a-day !

LIGNIÈRE. Unmarried. An orphan.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

cousin of Cyrano's . . . the one of whom they were talking.

(While he is speaking, a richly dressed nobleman, wearing the order of the Holy Ghost on a blue ribbon across his breast, enters ROXANE'S box, and, without taking a seat, talks with her a moment.)

CHRISTIAN (starting). That man ? . . .

LIGNIÈRE (who is beginning to be tipsy, winking). Hé! Hé! Comte de Guiche.

Enamored of her. But married to the niece of Armand de Richelieu. Wishes to manage a match between Roxane and cer-

tain sorry lord, one Monsieur de Valvert, vicomte and . . . easy. She does not sub-

scribe to his views, but De Guiche is powerful: he can persecute to some purpose a

simple commoner. But I have duly set forth his shady machinations in a song

which . . . Ho! he must bear me a grudge! The end was wicked . . . Listen! . . .

He rises, staggering, and lifting his glass, as about to sing.)

CHRISTIAN. No. Good-evening.

LIGNIÈRE. You are going ? . . .

CHRISTIAN. To find Monsieur de Valvert.

LIGNIÈRE. Have a care. You are the one who will get killed. (Indicating Rox-

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ANE *by a glance.*) Stay. Some one is looking . . .

CHRISTIAN. It is true . . .

(He remains absorbed in the contemplation of ROXANE. The pickpockets, seeing his abstracted air, draw nearer to him.)

LIGNIÈRE. Ah, you are going to stay. Well, I am going. I am thirsty! And I am looked for . . . at all the public-houses *(Exit unsteadily.)*

LE BRET *(who has made the circuit of the house, returning toward RAGUENEAU, in a tone of relief).* Cyrano is not here.

RAGUENEAU. And yet . . .

LE BRET. I will trust to Fortune he has not seen the announcement.

THE AUDIENCE. Begin! Begin!

ONE OF THE MARQUISES *(watching DE GUICHE, who comes from ROXANE'S box, and crosses the pit, surrounded by obsequious satellites, among whom the VICOMTE VALVERT).* Always a court about him, Guiche!

OTHER MARQUIS. Pf! . . . Another Gascon!

FIRST MARQUIS. A Gascon, of the cold and supple sort. That sort succeeds. Believe me, it will be best to offer him our duty *(They approach DE GUICHE.)*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

SECOND MARQUIS. These admirable ribbons! What color, Comte de Guiche? Should you call it Kiss-me-Sweet or . . . Expiring Fawn?

DE GUICHE. This shade is called Sick Spaniard.

FIRST MARQUIS. Appropriately called, for shortly, thanks to your valor, the Spaniard will be sick indeed, in Flanders!

DE GUICHE. I am going upon the stage. Are you coming? (*He walks toward the stage, followed by all the marquises and men of quality. He turns and calls.*) Valvert, come!

CHRISTIAN (*who has been listening and watching them, starts on hearing that name*). The vicomte! . . . Ah, in his face . . . in his face I will fling my . . . (*He puts his hand to his pocket and finds the pickpocket's hand. He turns.*) Hein?

PICKPOCKET. Ai!

CHRISTIAN (*without letting him go*). I was looking for a glove.

PICKPOCKET (*with an abject smile*). And you found a hand. (*In a different tone, slow and rapid.*) Let me go . . . I will tell you a secret.

CHRISTIAN (*without releasing him*). Well?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

PICKPOCKET. Lignière who has just left you . . .

CHRISTIAN (*as above*). Yes? . . .

PICKPOCKET. Has not an hour to live? A song he made annoyed one of the great, and a hundred men—I am one of them—will be posted to-night . . .

CHRISTIAN. A hundred? . . . By whom?

PICKPOCKET. Honor . . .

CHRISTIAN (*shrugging his shoulders*). Oh! . . .

PICKPOCKET (*with great dignity*). Among rogues!

CHRISTIAN. Where will they be posted?

PICKPOCKET. At the Porte de Nesle, on his way home. Inform him.

CHRISTIAN (*letting him go*). But where can I find him?

PICKPOCKET. Go to all the taverns: the Golden Vat, the Pine-Apple, the Belt and Bosom, the Twin Torches, the Three Furnels, and in each one leave a scrap of writing warning him.

CHRISTIAN. Yes. I will run! . . . Ah, the blackguards! A hundred against one! . . . (*Looks lovingly toward ROXANE.*) Leave her! . . . (*Furiously, looking toward VERT.*) And him! . . . But Lignière must be prevented. (*Exit running.*)

Cyrano de Bergerac.

(DE GUICHE, *the MARQUISES, all the gentry have disappeared behind the curtain, to place themselves on the stage-seats. The pit is crowded. There is not an empty seat in the boxes or the gallery.*)

THE AUDIENCE. Begin !

A BURGHER (*whose wig goes sailing off at the end of a string held by one of the pages in the upper gallery*). My wig !

SCREAMS OF DELIGHT. He is bald ! . . . The pages ! . . . Well done ! . . . Ha, ha, ha ! . . .

THE BURGHER (*furious, shaking his fist*). Imp of Satan ! . . .

(*Laughter and screams, beginning very loud and decreasing suddenly. Dead silence.*)

LE BRET (*astonished*). This sudden hush ? . . . (*One of the spectators whispers in his ear.*) Ah ? . . .

THE SPECTATOR. I have it from a reliable quarter.

RUNNING MURMURS. Hush ! . . . Has he come ? No ! . . . Yes, he has ! . . . In the box with the grating . . . The cardinal ! . . . the cardinal ! . . . the cardinal ! . . .

ONE OF THE PAGES. What a shame ! . . . Now we shall have to behave !

Cyrano de Bergerac.

(Knocking on the stage. Complete stillness. Pause.)

VOICE OF ONE OF THE MARQUISES (*breaking the deep silence, behind the curtain.*) Snuff that candle !

OTHER MARQUIS (*thrusting his head out between the curtains.*) A chair ! (*A chair is passed from hand to hand, above the heads. The marquis takes it and disappears, after kissing his hand repeatedly toward the boxes.*)

A SPECTATOR. Silence !

(Once more, the three knocks. The curtain opens. Tableau. The marquises seated at the sides, in attitudes of languid haughtiness. The stage-setting is the faint colored bluish sort usual in a pastoral stage. Four small crystal candelabra light the stage. The violins play softly.)

LE BRET (*to RAGUENEAU, under breath.*) Is Montfleury the first to appear ?

RAGUENEAU (*likewise under breath.*) Yes. The opening lines are his.

LE BRET. Cyrano is not here.

RAGUENEAU. I have lost my wager.

LE BRET. Let us be thankful. Let us be thankful.

(A bagpipe is heard. MONTFLEURY appears upon the stage, enormous, in a com

Cyrano de Bergerac.

lete still- *ventional shepherd's costume, with a rose-
wreathed hat set jauntily on the side of his
ES (break- head, breathing into a be-ribboned bag-
curtain.) pipe.)*

head out THE PIT (*applauding*). Bravo, Mont-
fleury! Montfleury!

(A chair MONTFLEURY (*after bowing, proceeds to
above the play the part of PHEDO*).

nd disap- Happy the man who, freed from Fashion's
repeatedly fickle sway,

In exile self-prescribed whiles peaceful
hours away;

The cur- Who when Zephyrus sighs amid the an-
marquises swering trees. . . .

of languid A VOICE (*from the middle of the pit*).

s the faint Rogue! Did I not forbid you for one
pastoral month?

light the (*Consternation. Every one looks around.
Murmurs.*)

er breath) VARIOUS VOICES. *Hein? What? What
s the matter?*

r? (*Many in the boxes rise to see*).

ath). Yes. CUIGY. It is he!

. LE BRET (*alarmed*). Cyrano!

wager. THE VOICE. King of the Obese! Incon-
al. Let us inently vanish! . . .

LEURY ap) THE WHOLE AUDIENCE (*indignant*)
h! . . .

s, in a con MONTFLEURY. But. . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

THE VOICE. You stop to muse upon the matter?

SEVERAL VOICES (*from the pit and the boxes.*) Hush! . . . Enough! . . . Proceed, Montfleury. . . . Fear nothing!

MONTFLEURY (*in an unsteady voice*) Happy the man who freed from Fashion's f— . . .

THE VOICE (*more threatening than before*). How is this? Shall I be constrained, Man of the Monster Belly, to enforce my regulation . . . regularly?

(*An arm holding a cane leaps above the level of the heads.*)

MONTFLEURY (*in a voice growing faint and fainter*).

Happy the man. . . .

(*The cane is wildly flourished.*)

THE VOICE. Leave the stage!

THE PIT. Oh! . . .

MONTFLEURY (*choking*).

Happy the man who freed . . .

CYRANO (*appears above the audience standing upon a chair, his arms folded on his chest his hat at a combative angle, his moustache on end, his nose terrifying*).

Ah! I shall lose my temper!

(*Sensation at sight of him.*)

Cyrano de Bergerac.

MONTFLEURY (*to the MARQUISES*). Mes-

ieurs, I appeal to you !

ONE OF THE MARQUISES (*languidly*). But

go ahead ! . . . Play !

CYRANO. Fat man, if you attempt it, I will dust the paint off you with this !

THE MARQUIS. Enough !

CYRANO. Let every little lordling keep silence in his seat, or I will ruffle his ribbons with my cane !

ALL THE MARQUISES (*rising*). This is too much ! . . . Montfleury. . . .

CYRANO. Let Montfleury go home, or stay, and, having cut his ears off, I will disembowel him !

A VOICE. But . . .

CYRANO. Let him go home, I said !

OTHER VOICE. But after all . . .

CYRANO. It is not yet done ? (*With show of turning up his sleeves.*) Very well, upon that stage, as on a platter trimmed with green, you shall see me carve that mount of brawn. . . .

MONTFLEURY (*calling up his whole dignity*). Monsieur, you cast indignity, in my person, upon the Muse !

CYRANO (*very civilly*). Monsieur, if that lady, with whom you have naught to do, had the pleasure of beholding you . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

just as you stand, there, like a decorated A La
pot! . . . she could not live, I do not hear
test, but she hurled her buskin at you A MA

THE PIT. Montfleury! . . . Montfleury! . . . Give us Baro's piece! A BU
more.

CYRANO (*to those shouting around him*) A PA
I beg you will show some regard for me THE
scabbard: it is ready to give up the sword Cyrano
(*The space around him widens.*) CYRA

THE CROWD (*backing away*). Hey . . . THE
softly, there! Baaaaa

CYRANO (*to MONTFLEURY*). Go off! ille doo

THE CROWD (*closing again, and grumbling*). Oh! . . . Oh! CYRA
A PA

CYRANO (*turning suddenly*). Has some CYRA
body objections? (*The crowd again pushes*) agues
(*away from him.*) o utter

A VOICE (*at the back, singing*). you, on

Monsieur de Cyrano, one sees,
Inclines to be tyrannical;
In spite of that tyrannicle
We shall see La Clorise!

THE WHOLE AUDIENCE (*catching up the promi*
tune). La Clorise! La Clorise! rave.

CYRANO. Let me hear that song again, ha
and I will do you all to death with my stick, kes y

A BURGHER. Samson come back! . . . asked s

CYRANO. Lend me your jaw, good man. Very

rac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

a decorated A LADY (*in one of the boxes*). This is
, I do pre heard of!

kin at yo A MAN. It is scandalous!

. . . Mon A BURGHER. It is irritating, to say no
iece! more.

round him A PAGE. What fun it is!

ard for m THE PIT. Ksss! . . . Montfleury! . . .

p the swor Cyrano! . . .

) CYRANO. Be still! . . .

Hey . . . THE PIT (*in uproar*). Hee-haw! . . .

Baaaaah! . . . Bow-wow! . . . Cockadoo-

Go off! Hledoooooo!

and grw CYRANO. I will . . .

A PAGE. Meeeow!

Has som CYRANO. I order you to hold your
again push agues! . . . I dare the floor collectively

o utter another sound! . . . I challenge

g.) you, one and all! . . . I will take down

your names . . . Step forward, budding

e sees, heroes! Each in his turn. You shall be

; given numbers. Come, which one of you

ele will open the joust with me? You, mon-

! sieur? No! You? No! The first that offers

hing up to promised all the mortuary honors due the

e! grave. Let all who wish to die hold up

song again their hands! (*Silence.*) It is modesty that

th my stick makes you shrink from the sight of my

back! . . . naked sword? Not a name? Not a hand?

, good man Very good. Then I proceed. (*Turning*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

toward the stage where MONTFLEURY is waiting in terror). As I was saying, is my wish to see the stage cured of its tumor. Otherwise . . . (Claps hand his sword.) the lancet!

MONTFLEURY. I . . .

CYRANO (*gets down from his chair, and sits in the space that has become vacant around him, with the ease of one at home*).
Thrice will I clap my hands, O plenitude!
At the third clap . . . eclipse!

THE PIT (*diverted*). Ah! . . .

CYRANO (*clapping his hands*). One! . . .

MONTFLEURY. I . . .

A VOICE (*from one of the boxes*).
not go! . . .

THE PIT. He will stay! . . . He will go! . . .

MONTFLEURY. Messieurs, I feel . . .

CYRANO. TWO! . . .

MONTFLEURY. I feel it will perhaps be a wiser . . .

CYRANO. Three! . . .

(MONTFLEURY *disappears, as if through a trap-door*. Storm of laughter, hisses, catcalls.)

THE HOUSE. Hoo! . . . Hoo! . . . M
sop! . . . Come back! . . .

CYRANO (*beaming, leans back in his chair*).

Cyrano de Bergerac.

and crosses his legs). Let him come back,
he dare!

A BURGHER. The spokesman of the
company!

BELLEROSE *comes forward on the stage
and bows*).

THE BOXES. Ah, there comes Bellerose!

BELLEROSE *(with elegant bearing and
dignity)*. Noble ladies and gentlemen . . .

THE PIT. No! No! Jodelet! . . . We
want Jodelet! . . .

JODELET *(comes forward, speaks through
his nose)*. Pack of swine!

THE PIT. That is right! . . . Well said!
. . . Bravo!

JODELET. Don't bravo me! . . . The
only tragedian, whose paunch is your
sight, felt sick! . . .

THE PIT. He is a poltroon! . . .

JODELET. He was obliged to leave . . .

THE PIT. Let him come back!

SOME. No!

OTHERS. Yes! . . .

YOUTH *(to CYRANO)*. But, when all is
said, monsieur, what good grounds have
you for hating Montfleury?

CYRANO *(amiably, sitting as before)*.
Young gosling, I have two, whereof each,
if you will, would be ample. Primo: He is an

Cyrano de Bergerac.

execrable actor, who bellows, and w
grunts to disgrace a water-carrier launc
the verse that should go forth as it
pinions! . . . Secundo: is my secret.

THE OLD BURGHER (*behind* CYRANO).
But without compunction you deprive
of hearing La Clorise. I am de
mined . . .

CYRANO (*turning his chair around so
to face the old gentleman; respectful*).
Venerable mule, old Baro's verses be
what they are, I do it without comp
tion, as you say.

THE PRÉCIEUSES (*in the boxes*). Ha!
Ho! . . . Our own Baro! . . . My
did you hear that? How can such a
be said? . . . Ha! . . . Ho! . . .

CYRANO (*turning his chair so as to
the boxes; gallantly*). Beautiful creatu
do you bloom and shine, be minister
dreams, your smiles our anodyne. Ins
poets, but poems . . . spare to judge!

BELLEROSE. But the money which
be given back at the door!

CYRANO (*turning his chair to face
stage*). Bellerose, you have said the
intelligent thing that has, as yet, been
Far from me to wrong by so much
fringe the worshipful mantle of

rac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

s, and w . . . (He rises and flings a bag upon
rier launc age.) Catch! . . . and keep quiet!

th as it THE HOUSE (dazzled). Ah! . . . Oh! . . .

secret. DELEET (nimblely picking up the bag,

d CYRANO ing it with his hand). For such a

u deprive you are authorized, monsieur, to

am de and stop the performance every day!

THE HOUSE. Hoo! . . . Hoo! . . .

around se DELEET. Should we be hooted in a

respectful . . .

verses be LEROSE. The house must be evacu-

ut comp

DELEET. Evacuate it!

s). Ha! The audience begins to leave; CYRANO

. . . My deing on with a satisfied air. The crowd,

such a thecer, becoming interested in the follow-

. . . scene, the exodus is suspended. The

so as to men in the boxes who were already stand-

ful creatu and had put on their wraps, stop to

ministeren and end by resuming their seats.)

yne. Ins BRET (to CYRANO). What you have

to judgehe . . . is mad!

y which BORE. Monseury! . . . the eminent

or! . . . What a scandal! . . . But the

r to faces de Candale is his patron! . . . Have

said the patron, you?

ret, been CYRANO. No!

o much BORE. You have not

ntle of CYRANO. No!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

THE BORE. What? You are not protected by some great nobleman under cover of whose name. . . .

CYRANO (*exasperated*). No, I have you twice. Must I say the same thrice? No, I have no protector . . . (*on sword*) but this will do.

THE BORE. Then, of course, you leave town.

CYRANO. That will depend.

THE BORE. But the Duc de Candale a long arm . . .

CYRANO. Not so long as mine (*pointing to his sword*) pieced out this!

THE BORE. But you cannot have presumption . . .

CYRANO. I can, yes.

THE BORE. But . . .

CYRANO. And now, . . . face about.

THE BORE. But . . .

CYRANO. Face about, I say . . . else, tell me why you are looking at my nose.

THE BORE (*bewildered*). I . . .

CYRANO (*advancing upon him*). In is it unusual?

THE BORE (*backing*). Your worst mistaken

gerac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ou are not
man unde

CYRANO (*same business as above*). Is it
lumpy and pendulous, like a proboscis?

THE BORE. I never said . . .

No, I have
the same
ector . . .

CYRANO. Or hooked like a hawk's beak?

THE BORE. I . . .

course, you

CYRANO. Do you discern a mole upon
the tip?

THE BORE. But . . .

nd.
de Candale

CYRANO. Or is a fly disporting himself
before you? What is there wonderful about

THE BORE. Oh . . .

as mine
piced out

CYRANO. Is it a freak of nature?

THE BORE. But I had refrained from
staring so much as a glance at it!

cannot have

CYRANO. And why, I pray, should you
not look at it?

THE BORE. I had . . .

CYRANO. So it disgusts you?

. face abo

THE BORE. Sir . . .

CYRANO. Its color strikes you as un-
pleasant?

I say
looking at

THE BORE. Sir. . .

CYRANO. Its shape, unfortunate?

I . . .
(*him*). In

THE BORE. But far from it!

our worst

CYRANO. Then wherefore that depre-
ssing air? . . . Perhaps monsieur thinks
the shade too large?

THE BORE. Indeed not. No, indeed.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

I think it small . . . small,—I should
said, minute !

CYRANO. What? How? Charge
with such a ridiculous defect? Small
nose? Ho ! . . .

THE BORE. Heavens !

CYRANO. Enormous, my nose !
Contemptible stutterer, snub-nosed
flat-headed, be it known to you that
proud, proud of such an appendage!
much as a great nose is properly the
of an affable, kindly, courteous man,
liberal, brave, such as I am! and such
you are for evermore precluded from
posing yourself, deplorable rogue! For
inglorious surface my hand encour
above your ruff, is no less devoid—(St
him).

THE BORE. Aï! aï! . . .

CYRANO. Of pride, alacrity and
of perception and of gift, of heav
spark, of sumptuousness, to sum up
NOSE, than that (*turns him around*
shoulders and suits the action to the
which stops my boot below your spine

THE BORE (*running off*). Help!
watch! . . .

CYRANO. Warning to the idle
might find entertainment in my org

erac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

-I should And if the facetious fellow
of birth, my custom is, before I let him
Charge to chasten him, in front, and higher up,
t? Small steel, and not with hide!

DU GUICHE (*who has stepped down from
stage with the marquises*). He is
y nose! coming tiresome!

ALBERT (*shrugging his shoulders*). It
you that empty bluster!

DU GUICHE. Will no one take him
perly the

ALBERT. No one? . . . Wait! I will
n! and suc one of those shots at him! (*He ap-
uded from es CYRANO who is watching him, and
rogue! Fe in front of him, in an attitude of silly
nd encour ger.*) Your . . . your nose is . . .
void—(*S* . . . Your nose . . . is very large!

CYRANO (*gravely*). Very.

ALBERT (*laughs*). Ha! . . .

CYRANO (*imperturbable*). Is that all?

ALBERT. But . . .

CYRANO. Ah, no, young man, that is
around enough! You might have said, dear
on to the there are a thousand things . . . vary-
your spine the tone . . . For instance . . . here

Help! are:—Aggressive: "I, monsieur, if I
such a nose, nothing would serve but
the idle cut it off!" Amicable: "It must
n my orga your way while drinking; you ought

Cyrano de Bergerac.

to have a special beaker made!" Descriptive: "It is a crag! . . . a peak! . . . a promontory! . . . A promonotory, do you say? . . . It is a peninsula!" Inquisitive: "What may the office be of that oblong receptacle? Is it an inkhorn or a scissor case?" Mincing: "Do you so dote on your birds, you have, fond as a father, best pains to fit the little darlings with a rooster." Blunt: "Tell me, monsieur, you, when you smoke, is it possible you blow the smoke through your nose without a neighbor?" Inquiring: "The chimney is afire?" Anxious: "Go with caution, I beseech, lest your head dragged over by that weight, should drag you over!" Tender: "Have a little shade made for it! It might get freckled." Learned: "None but the beast, mentioned by Aristophanes, the *campelephantocamelos*, can have beneath his forehead so much cartilage and bone!" Off-hand: "What, comrade, do you wear that sort of peg in style? Capital to put one's hat upon!" Emphatic: "No, no, no, I can hope, O lordly nose, to give the wind of you a cold, but the Nör-Wester!" Dramatic: "It is the Red Sea when it bleeds." Admiring: "What a sign for a perfume shop!" Lyrical: "Art thou a Triton?"

erac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

e!" Des
 peak! . . .
 notory, d
 Inquisit
 of that ob
 n or a scis
 so dot
 ather, bee
 with a roo
 you, when
 low the v
 a neighbor
 ?" Anxi
 lest your
 t, should
 e a little
 get freckl
 ast, mons
 s, the in
 a have
 h cartilag
 , comrad
 Capital to
 ic: "No
 give the w
 Vester!"
 hen it ble
 or a perfu
 u a Triton

at thy conch?" Simple: "A monu-
 ! When is admission free?" Deferent:
 ffer, monsieur, that I should pay you
 respects: that is what I call possessing
 -front on street!" Rustic: "Hi,
 Call that a nose? Yer don't fub
 It's either a prize carrot or else a
 ed gourd!" Military: "Level against
 avalry!" Practical: "Will you put
 for raffle? Indubitably, sir, it will
 e feature of the game!" And finally
 rody of weeping Pyramus: "Be-
 behold the nose that traitorously de-
 ed the beauty of its master! and is
 ing for the same!"—That, my dear
 r something not unlike, is what you
 d have said to me, had you the small-
 even of letters or of wit; but of wit, O
 pitiable of objects made by God, you
 had a rudiment, and of letters, you
 just those that are needed to spell
 !"—But, had it been otherwise, and
 ou been possessed of the fertile fancy
 site to shower upon me, here, in this
 company, that volley of sprightly
 antries, still should you not have de-
 d yourself of so much as a quarter of
 enth part of the beginning of the
 . . . For I let off these good things at

Cyrano de Bergerac.

myself, and with sufficient zest, be burdened
not suffer another to let them off a single hair.

DE GUICHE (*attempting to lead away Valvert*). *amazed vicomte*). Let be, vicomte! refuse of

VALVERT. That insufferable haughty CYRANO
bearing! . . . A clodhopper without *if the*
without so much as gloves . . . who *himself*).
abroad without points . . . or *winien-*
knots! . . . VALVERT

CYRANO. My foppery is of the CYRANO
man. I do not trick myself out like *with a cra*
injay, but I am more particular, if VALVERT
not so showy. I would not sally for *it, turn*
any chance, not washed quite clean CYRANO
affront; my conscience foggy about *must ha*
eye, my honor crumpled, my nicety *imp! I*
rimmed. I walk with all upon *me!*
bished bright. I plume myself with VALVERT
pendence and straightforwardness. CYRANO.
not a handsome figure, it is my soul, *keep!*
erect as in a brace. I go decked with VALVERT
ploits in place of ribbon bows. I take CYRANO.
a point my wit like a moustache. *no hurt!*
my passage through the crowd true *VALVERT*
ring like spurs! CYRANO.

VALVERT. But, sir . . . *ch an ex*

CYRANO. I am without gloves *the hop!*
mighty matter! I only had one left *side!*
very ancient pair, and even that *VALVERT.*

rac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

zest, be a burden to me . . . I left it in somebody's
n off a . . .

ead and VALVERT. Villain, clod-poll, flat-foot,
comte! refuse of the earth !

ble has CYRANO (*taking off his hat and bowing*
without *if the VICOMTE had been introducing*
. . . who *self*). Ah? . . . And mine, Cyrano-
. . . or Minien-Hercule of Bergerac !

VALVERT (*exasperated*). Buffoon!

of the CYRANO (*giving a sudden cry, as if seized*
out like *with a cramp*). Aï! . . .

cular, if VALVERT (*who had started toward the*
sally for *it, turning*). What is he saying now ?

ite clean CYRANO (*screwing his face as if in pain*).
gy about must have leave to stir . . . it has a

y nicety *cramp* ! It is bad for it to be kept still so
upon man !

self with VALVERT. What is the matter ?

ardness. CYRANO. My rapier prickles like a foot
my soul. *Keep* !

ecked with VALVERT (*drawing*). So be it !

ws. I take CYRANO. I shall give you a charming
tache. *Do not* hurt !

vd truest VALVERT (*contemptuous*). A poet !

CYRANO. Yes, a poet, . . . and to
ch an extent, that while we fence, I

gloves *hop* ! extempore, compose you a
d one left *side* !

n that VALVERT. A ballade ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. I fear you do not know what
that is.

VALVERT. But . . .

CYRANO (*as if saying a lesson*). The
Ballade is composed of three stanzas of eight
lines each. . .

VALVERT (*stamps with his feet*). Oh!

CYRANO (*continuing*). And an envoi
of four lines.

VALVERT. You . . .

CYRANO. I will with the same
fight you and compose one. And at
the last line, I will hit you.

VALVERT. Indeed you will not!

CYRANO. Not? . . . (*Declaiming*).
Ballade of the duel which in Burgundy
House

Monsieur de Bergerac fought with a
young man
anapes.

VALVERT. And what is that, if
please?

CYRANO. That is the title.

THE AUDIENCE (*at the highest pitch
of excitement*). Make room! . . .
sport! . . . Stand aside! . . .
still! . . .

(*Tableau. A ring, in the pit, of the
interested; the MARQUISES and OFFICERS
gathered among the BURGHERS and COM*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

rac.
t know w
n). The
anzas of e
et). Oh!
d an env
OPLE. *The PAGES have climbed on the shoulders of various ones, the better to see. All the women are standing in the boxes. At the right, DE GUICHE and his attendant gentlemen. At the left, LE BRET, RAU-NEAU, CUIGY, etc.)*
Cyrano (closing his eyes a second). Wait. *glutting upon the rhymes. There. I love them. (In declaiming, he suits the action to the word.)*

same br
And at
ll not!
laiming).
in Burgu
t with a j
Of my broad felt made lighter,
I cast my mantle broad,
And stand, poet and fighter,
To do and to record.
I bow, I draw my sword. . .
Er garde ! with steel and wit
y you at first aboard . . .
At the last line, I hit!

that, if
You should have been politer;
Where had you best be gored ?
The left side or the right—ah ?
Or next your azure cord ?
Or where the spleen is stored ?
Or in the stomach pit ?
Come we to quick accord . . .
At the last line, I hit!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

You falter, you turn whiter ?
You do so to afford
Your foe a rhyme in "iter" ? . . .
You thrust at me—I ward—
And balance is restored.
Laridon ! Look to your spit ! . . .
No, you shall not be floored
Before my cue to hit !

(He announces solemnly.)

ENVOI.

Prince, call upon the Lord ! . . .
I skirmish . . . feint a bit . . .
I lunge ! . . . I keep my word !

(The VISCOMTE staggers ; CYRANO bows.)
At the last line, I hit !

(Acclamations. Applause from the boxes.)
Flowers and handkerchiefs are thrown.
The OFFICERS surround and congratulate
CYRANO. RAGUENEAU dances with delight ! . . .
LE BRET is tearfully joyous and at the same
time highly troubled. The friends of
VISCOMTE support him off the stage.)

THE CROWD *(in a long shout)*. Ah ! . . .
A LIGHT-CAVALRY MAN. Superb ! . . .
A WOMAN. Sweet !
RAGUENEAU. Heaven-astounding ! . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

A MARQUIS. Novel!

LE BRET. Insensate!

THE CROWD (*pressing around* CYRANO).
Congratulations! . . . Well done! . . .
Bravo! . . .

A WOMAN'S VOICE. He is a hero!

A MOUSQUETAIRE (*striding swiftly toward* CYRANO, *with outstretched hand*).
Monsieur, will you allow me? It was quite,
quite excellently done, and I think I know
whereof I speak. But, as a fact, I ex-
pressed my mind before, by making a
huge noise. . . . (*He retires.*)

CYRANO (*to* CUIGY). Who may the
gentleman be?

CUIGY. D'Artagnan.

LE BRET (*to* CYRANO, *taking his arm*).
Come, I wish to talk with you.

CYRANO. Wait till the crowd has
passed. (*To* BELLEROSE). I may remain?

BELLEROSE (*deferentially*). Why, cer-
tainly! . . .
(*Shouts are heard outside.*)

DELET (*after looking*). They are hoot-
ing Montfleury.

BELLEROSE (*solemnly*). *Sic transit!* . . .

(*In a different tone, to the doorkeeper and
candle snuffer.*) Sweep and close.

Light the lights. We shall come back,

Cyrano de Bergerac.

after eating, to rehearse a new farce (Pointi
to-morrow. (*Exeunt* JODELET and BELL there al
ROSE, after bowing very low to CYRANO. Help yo

THE DOORKEEPER (to CYRANO). M CYRA
sieur will not be going to dinner ? despite

CYRANO. I? . . . No.

(*The doorkeeper withdraws.*) most inc

LE BRET (to CYRANO). And this, each le
cause? . . . will acce

CYRANO (*proudly*). Because . . . (and an
different tone, having seen that the door-keeper is too far to overhear). I have takes
a penny ! his glass

LE BRET (*making the motion of flinging into
a bag*). How is this ? The bag and half
crowns. . . . le macar

CYRANO. Monthly remittance, LE BRET
lastedst but a day ! SWEETME

LE BRET. And to keep you the rem something
der of the month? . . . CYRANO.

CYRANO. Nothing is left ! le kisses t

LE BRET. But then, flinging that it were t
what a child's prank ! SWEETME

CYRANO. But what a gesture ! . . . u. (Cur

THE SWEETMEAT-VENDER (*coughing*) CYRANO
find her little counter). Hm! . . . (Cy establish
and LE BRET turn toward her. She the m
timidly forward.) Monsieur, to know the s
have not eaten . . . makes my heartak ! (a

Cyrano de Bergerac.

farce! (*Pointing to the sweetmeat-stand.*) I have
and BELLE here all that is needed. . . . (*impulsively*),

CYRANO. Help yourself!

(NO). M. CYRANO (*taking off his hat*). Dear child,
er? despite my Gascon pride, which forbids

that I should profit at your hand by the
most inconsiderable of dainties, I fear too

and this, much lest a denial should grieve you: I
will accept therefore . . . (*He goes to the*

e . . . (*and selects*). Oh, a trifle! . . . A
at the drape off this. . . (*She proffers the bunch,*

I have taken a single grape.) No . . . one!
his glass of water . . . (*She starts to pour*

on of flinging into it, he stops her.) No . . . clear!
The bagged half a macaroon. (*He breaks in two*

the macaroon, and returns half.)
ttance, LE BRET. This comes near being silly!

SWEETMEAT VENDER. Oh, you will take
u the remainder! . . .

CYRANO. Yes. Your hand to kiss.
le kisses the hand she holds out to him, as

ing that it were that of a princess.)
SWEETMEAT VENDER. Monsieur, I thank

ture! . . . u. (*Curtseys*.) Good evening! (*Exit*)
(*coughing*)

CYRANO (*to LE BRET*). I am listening.
. . . (*CYRANO establishes himself before the stand,*

er. She offers the macaroon before him,) Dinner!
r, to know the same with the glass of water),
my heart! (*and with the grape*). Dessert!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

(*He sits down.*) La ! let me begin ! I
as hungry as a wolf ! (*Eating.*)
were saying ?

LE BRET. That if you listen to none
those great boobies and swashbucklers y
judgment will become wholly pervert
Inquire, will you, of the sensible, conce
ing the effect produced to-day by y
prowesses.

CYRANO (*finishing his macaroon*). E
mous !

LE BRET. The cardinal . . .

CYRANO (*beaming*). He was there,
cardinal ?

LE BRET. Must have found what
did. . . .

CYRANO. To a degree, original.

LE BRET. Still . . .

CYRANO. He is a poet. It cannot
distasteful to him wholly that one sh
deal confusion to a fellow-poet's play

LE BRET. But, seriously, you make
many enemies !

CYRANO (*biting into the grape*).
many, thereabouts, should you thi
made to-night ?

LE BRET. Eight and forty. Not
tioning the women.

CYRANO. Come, tell them over !

Cyrano de Bergerac.

LE BRET. Montfleury, the old merchant,
Guiche, the Vicomte, Baro, the whole
Academy . . .

CYRANO. Enough! You steep me in
sins!

LE BRET. But whither will the road you
now lead you? What can your object
be by your

CYRANO. I was wandering aimlessly;
many roads were open . . . too many
resolves, too complex, allowed of being
taken. I took . . .

LE BRET. Which?

CYRANO. By far the simplest of them
I decided to be, in every matter, al-
ways, admirable!

LE BRET (*shrugging his shoulders*). That
I'll do.—But tell me, will you not, the
true—look, the true one!—of your dis-
tinction to Montfleury.

CYRANO (*rising*). That old Silenus, who
I have not seen his knees this many a year,
I believe himself a delicate desperate
man to the fair. And as he struts and
upon the stage, makes sheep's-eyes
of them with his moist frog's-eyes. And I
hated him . . . oh, properly! . . .
the night he was so daring as to
cast his glance on her . . . her, who—

Cyrano de Bergerac.

Oh, I thought I saw a slug crawl over
flower !

LE BRET (*amazed*). Hey ? What ?
it possible ? . . .

CYRANO (*with a bitter laugh*). That
should love ? (*In a different tone, serious*
I love.

LE BRET. And may one know ?
You never told me. . .

CYRANO. Whom I love ? . . .
think a little. The dream of being beloved
even by the beautiless, is made, to me
empty dream indeed by this good
my forerunner ever by a quarter of an
Hence, whom should I love ? . . . It
superfluous to tell you ! . . . I love
it was inevitable ! . . . the most beautiful
that breathes !

LE BRET. The most beautiful ? . . .

CYRANO. No less, in the whole
And the most resplendent, and the
delicate of wit, and among the
haired . . . (*with overwhelming des*
Still the superlative !

LE BRET. Dear me, what is this fair

CYRANO. All unawares, a deadly
exquisite without concern to be
snare of nature's own, a musk-rose
which ambush Love lies low. With

Cyrano de Bergerac.

awl over her smile remembers the ineffable !
There is not a thing so common but she
What ? turns it into prettiness ; and in the merest
or beck she can make manifest all the
tributes of a goddess. No, Venus ! you
do not step into your iridescent shell, nor,
when, you walk through the blossoming
know ? roses, as she steps into her chair and
talks in Paris !

. . . . Cyrano. Sapristi ! I understand ! It
being below ear !

de, to me. Cyrano. It is pellucid.

is good in. . . . BRET. Magdeleine Robin, your
ter of an h. . . .

. . . . It se. . . . Cyrano. Yes, Roxane.

. I love. . . . BRET. But, what could be better ?
most beau. . . . love her ? Tell her so ! You covered
yourself with glory in her sight a moment

tiful ? . . .

whole w. . . . Cyrano. Look well at me, dear friend,
and the. . . . tell me how much hope you think can
ing the go. . . . tly entertained with this protuber-
lming des. . . . Oh, I foster no illusions ! . . .

is this fair. . . . times, indeed, yes, in the violet dusk,
a deadly s. . . . , even I ! to a dreamy mood. I
n to be s. . . . ate some garden that lies sweeten-
musk-ro. . . . se I sniff the April. . . . And as I
low. Wh. . . . with my eyes some woman passing

Cyrano de Bergerac.

with some cavalier, I think how I would I hold having to walk beside linked like that, slowly, in the soft moonlight, such a one! I kindle—I forgive and then . . . then suddenly I see shadow of my profile upon the garden wall!

LE BRET (*touched*.) My friend . . .

CYRANO. Friend, I experience a half hour sometimes, in feeling so slightly. . . and alone.

LE BRET (*in quick sympathy, taking hand*.) You weep?

CYRANO. Ah, God forbid! Never! No, that would be unsight excess! That a tear should course whole length of this nose! Never, as I am accountable, shall the divineness of tears be implicated with so gross ugliness! Mark me well, is so holy as are tears, nothing! and shall it be that, rousing mirth through a single one of them shall seem ridiculous.

LE BRET. Come, do not despond is a lottery.

CYRANO. (*shaking his head*.) I love Cleopatra: do I resemble Caesar worship Berenice: do I put you in Titus?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

LE BRET. But your courage . . . and
beside your wit!—The little girl who but a mo-
ment ago bestowed on you that very mod-
est meal, her eyes, you must have seen as
—I forgive me, did not exactly hate you!
YRANO (*impressed*). That is true!

LE BRET. You see? So, then!—But
Cyrano herself, in following your duel,
was so pale.

YRANO. Lily-pale? . . .

LE BRET. Her mind, her heart as well,
struck with wonder! Be bold, speak
to her, in order that she may . . .

YRANO. Laugh in my face! . . .

LE BRET. There is but one thing upon earth I
wonder . . . It is that.

THE DOORKEEPER (*admitting the DUENNA*).
Monsieur, you are inquired

YRANO (*seeing the duenna*). Ah, my
cousin . . . her duenna!

THE DUENNA (*with a great curtsey*).
Nobody wishes to know of her valor-
ous cousin where one may, in private, see

YRANO (*upset*). See me?

THE DUENNA (*with curtsey*). See you.

LE BRET. There are things for your ear.

YRANO. There are . . . ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

THE DUENNA (*other curtsey*). Things

CYRANO (*staggering*). Ah, my God !

THE DUENNA. Somebody intends, tomorrow, at the earliest roses of the dawn to hear Mass at Saint Roch.

CYRANO (*upholds himself by leaning* LE BRET). Ah, my God !

THE DUENNA. That over, where mine one step in a moment, have a little talk

CYRANO (*losing his senses*). Where? I . . . But . . . Ah, my God !

THE DUENNA. Expedition, if you please

CYRANO. I am casting about . . .

THE DUENNA. Where ?

CYRANO. At . . . at . . . at Ra-
neau's . . . the pastrycook's.

THE DUENNA. He lodges ?

CYRANO. In . . . In Rue . . . Ah,
God ! my God ! . . . St. Honoré.

THE DUENNA (*retiring*). We will
there. Do not fail. At seven.

CYRANO. I will not fail.

(*Exit DUENNA.*)

CYRANO (*falling on LE BRET's neck*
me . . . from her . . . a tryst !

LE BRET. Well, your gloom is
pelled ?

CYRANO. Ah, to whatever end it
be, she is aware of my existence !

Cyrano de Bergerac.

LE BRET. And now you will be calm ?

CYRANO (*beside himself*). Now, I shall be fulminating and frenetical ! I want an army all complete to put to rout ! I have ten hearts and twenty arms . . . I cannot now be suited with felling dwarfs to earth. . . . (*At the top of his lungs.*) Giants be what I want !

(*During the last lines, on the stage at the back, shadowy shapes of players have been moving about. The rehearsal has begun ; the fiddlers have resumed their places.*)

A VOICE (*from the stage*). Hey ! Psst ! Over there ! A little lower. We are trying to rehearse !

CYRANO (*laughing*). We are going ! (*He goes toward the back.*)

Through the street door, enter CUIGY, BRISSAILLE, several OFFICERS supporting LIGNIÈRE in a state of complete intoxication.)

CUIGY. Cyrano !

CYRANO. What is this ?

CUIGY. A *turdus vinaticus* we are bringing you.

CYRANO (*recognizing him*). Lignière ! What, what has happened to you ?

CUIGY. He is looking for you.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

BRISSAILLE. He cannot go home.

CYRANO. Why?

LIGNIÈRE (*in a thick voice, showing a bit of crumpled paper.*) This note bids me beware . . . A hundred men against me . . . on account of lampoon. . . Grave danger threatening me. . . . Poor de Nesle . . . must pass it to get home. Let me come and sleep under your roof.

CYRANO. A hundred, did you say? You shall sleep at home!

LIGNIÈRE (*frightened*). But . . .

CYRANO (*in a terrible voice, pointing to the lighted lantern which the DOORKEEPER stands swinging as he listens to this scene*). Take that lantern (LIGNIÈRE hurriedly takes it) and walk! . . . I swear to tuck you your bed to-night myself. (*To the DOORKEEPERS.*) You, follow at a distance. I may look on!

CUIGY. But a hundred men . . .

CYRANO. Are not one man too many for my mood to-night!

(*The players, in their several costumes have stepped down from the stage and are nearer.*)

LE BRET. But why take up your especial care . . .

CYRANO. Still Le Bret is not satisfied.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

LE BRET. That most commonplace of
sots?

CYRANO (*slapping LIGNIÈRE on the shoulder*). Because this sot, this cask of mustard, this hogshead of rosolio, did once upon a time a wholly pretty thing. On leaving Mass, having seen her whom he loved take holy-water, as the rite prescribes, he, whom the sight of water puts to flight, ran to the holy-water bowl, and stooping over, drank it dry. . . .

AN ACTRESS (*in the costume of soubrette*).
Gens, that was nice!

CYRANO. Was it not, soubrette?

THE SOUBRETTE (*to the others*). But why
do they, a hundred, all against one poor
sot?

CYRANO. Let us start! (*To the Officers*.) And you, gentlemen, when you
see me attack, whatever you may suppose
to be my danger, do not stir to second
me!

ANOTHER OF THE ACTRESSES (*jumping
from the stage*). Oh, I will not miss see-
ing this!

CYRANO. Come!

ANOTHER ACTRESS (*likewise jumping
from the stage, to an elderly actor*). Cas-
andre, will you not come?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. Come, all of you ! the Doctor, Isabel, Leander, all ! and you shall lead a charming fantastic swarm, an air of Italian farce to the Spanish drama in view. Yes, you shall be a tinkling heard above the roar, like bells about a tambourine !

ALL THE WOMEN (*in great glee*). Bravo ! . . . Hurry ! . . . A mantle ! . . . A hood !

JODELET. Let us go !

CYRANO (*to the fiddlers*). You will favour us with a tune, messieurs the violinists.

(*The fiddlers fall into the train. They lighted candles which furnished the first lights are seized and distributed. The procession becomes a torchlight procession.*)

CYRANO. Bravo ! Officers, beauty in fancy dress, and, twenty steps ahead of me (*he takes the position he describes*). I will stand myself, under the feather stuck, with my own hand, by Glory, in my hat ! Present as a Scipio trebly Nasica !—It is understood ? Formal interdiction to interfere with me !—We are ready ? One ! Two ! Three ! Doorkeeper, open the door !

(*The DOORKEEPER opens wide the folding door. A picturesque corner of Old Paris appears, bathed in moonlight.*)

CYRANO. Ah ! . . . Paris floats in nocturnal mist. . . . The sloping blue

erac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

! the Doct
u shall lea
an air
rama in vie
heard abov
ourine !

lee). Brav
ALL. To the Porte de Nesle !

. . . A ho
CYRANO (*standing on the threshold*). To

the Porte de Nesle! (*Before crossing it,*

he turns to the SOUBRETTE.) Were you not

e violinists
aking, mademoiselle, why upon that soli-

ry rhymster a hundred men were set?

He draws his sword, and tranquilly). Be-

cause it was well known he is a friend of

mine ! (*Exit*.)

rs, beauty
(*To the sound of the violins, by the flick-*

ps ahead .
ering light of the candles, the procession--

cribes). I
IGNIÈRE *staggering at the head, the AC-*

uck, with
MESSES *arm in arm with the OFFICERS, the*

hat ! Pr
ayers capering behind,--follows out into

—It is un
the night. Curtain.)

n to inter

One ! T

he door !

ide the fol

r of Old P

t.)

s floats in

loping blu

ACT SECOND.

THE COOKSHOP OF POETS.

(RAGUENEAU'S shop, vast kitchen at the corner of Rue St. Honore and Rue l'Arbre-Sec, which can be seen at the through the glass door, gray in the dawn.

At the left, in front, a counter overhung by a wrought-iron canopy from which geese, ducks, white peacocks are hanging. In large china jars, tall nosegays composed of the simpler flowers, mainly sunflowers. On the same side, in the middle distance, enormous fireplace, in front of which, between huge andirons, each of which supports a small iron pot, roasting meats into appropriate pans.

To the right, door in the front wing. In the middle distance, a staircase leading to a loft, the interior of which is seen through open shutters; a spread table lighted by small Flemish candelabrum, shows it to be an eating-room. A wooden gallery covers

Cyrano de Bergerac.

tinuing the stairway, suggests other similar rooms to which it may lead.

In the center of the shop, an iron hoop— which can be lowered by means of a rope,— to which large roasts are hooked.

In the shadow, under the stairway, ovens are glowing. Copper molds and saucepans are shining; spits turning, hams swinging, pastry pyramids showing fair. It is the early beginning of the workday. Bustling of hurried scullions, portly cooks and young cook's-assistants; swarming of caps decorated with hen feathers and guinea-fowl wings. Wicker crates and broad sheets of from which are brought in loaded with brioches and hanging ears.

There are tables covered with meats and cakes; others, surrounded by chairs, wait customers. In a corner, a smaller table, littered with papers. At the rise of the curtain, RAGUENEAU is discovered seated at this table, writing with an inspired air, and counting upon his fingers.)

FIRST PASTRYCOOK (bringing in a tall oiled pudding). Nougat of fruit !

SECOND PASTRYCOOK (bringing in the dish names). Custard !

Cyrano de Bergerac.

THIRD PASTRYCOOK (*bringing in a fowl roasted in its feathers*). Peacock!

FOURTH PASTRYCOOK (*bringing in a tray of cakes*). Mince-pies!

FIFTH PASTRYCOOK (*bringing in a dish in an earthen dish*). Beef stew!

RAGUENEAU (*laying down his pen, and looking up*). Daybreak already playing with silver the copper pans! Time, Ragueneau, to smother within thee singing divinity! The hour of the will come anon—now is that of the (He rises; speaking to one of the cooks). You, sir, be so good as to lengthen your gravy,—it is too thick!

THE COOK. How much?

RAGUENEAU. Three feet. (*Goes further*).

THE COOK. What does he mean?

FIRST PASTRYCOOK. Let me have a tart!

SECOND PASTRYCOOK. The dumplings—

RAGUENEAU (*standing before the place*). Spread thy wings, Muse, and further, that thy lovely eyes may reddened at the sordid kitchen fire! one of the cooks, pointing at some loaves of bread.) You have impropriely placed the cleft in those loaves: cæsura belongs in the middle,—betwixt

Cyrano de Bergerac.

in a for the hemstitches! (*To another of the*
ek! COOKS, *pointing at an unfinished pasty.*)
ing in This pastry palace requires a roof! (*To a*
g in a de *young cook's-apprentice, who, seated upon*
the floor, *is putting fowls on a spit.*) And
you, on that long spit, arrange, my son, in
is pen, a pleasing alternation, the modest pullet and
eady pla the splendid turkey-cock,—even as our
ns! The wise Malherbe alternated of old the greater
in thee with the lesser lines, and so with roasted
of the h fowls compose a poem!

of the lad ANOTHER APPRENTICE (*coming forward*
f the cook *with a platter covered by a napkin.*) Mas-
engthen ter, in your honor, see what I have baked.
. . . I hope you are pleased with it!

Goes furth RAGUENEAU (*ecstatic*). A lyre!
mean? THE APPRENTICE. Of pie-crust!
me have RAGUENEAU (*touched*). With candied
fruits!

dumpling—of spun sugar!
fore the RAGUENEAU (*giving him money*). Go,

Muse, and drink my health! (*Catching sight of LISE*
s may no *who is entering.*) Hush! My wife! . . .
nen fire! Love on, and hide that money. (*To LISE,*
at some *showing her the lyre, with a constrained*
ve impro *ze*) Fine, is it not?

e loaves: LISE. Ridiculous! (*She sets a pile of*
idle,—bet *wrapping-paper on the counter.*)

Cyrano de Bergerac.

RAGUENEAU. Paper bags? Good
Thanks. (*He examines them.*) Heavens!
My beloved books! The masterpieces
my friends, — dismembered, — torn! —
fashion paper bags for penny pies! —
the abominable case is re-enacted of
pheus and the Mænads!

LISE (*drily*). And have I not an
questionable right to make what use I
of the sole payment ever gotten from
paltry scribblers of uneven lines?

RAGUENEAU. Pismire! Forbear to
sult those divine, melodious crickets!

LISE. Before frequenting that low
my friend, you did not use to call
Mænad, — no, nor yet a pismire!

RAGUENEAU. Put poems to such
use!

LISE. To that use and no other!

RAGUENEAU. If with poems you do
I should like to know, Madame, what
do with prose!

(*Two children have come into the scene.*)

RAGUENEAU. What can I do for
little ones?

FIRST CHILD. Three patties.

RAGUENEAU (*waiting on them*). You
you are! Beautifully browned, and
ing hot.

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head of

Cyrano de Bergerac.

SECOND CHILD. Please, will you wrap them for us ?

RAGUENEAU (*starting, aside*). There goes one of my bags ! (*To the children*.) You want them wrapped, do you ? (*He takes one of the paper bags, and as he is about to put in the patties, reads*.) " No otherwise, Ulysses, from Penelope departing. . . . " Not this one ! (*He lays it aside and takes another*. At the moment of putting in the patties he reads.) " Phœbus of the aureate locks. . . . " Not that one ! (*Same business*.)

LISE (*out of patience*). Well, what are you waiting for ?

RAGUENEAU. Here we are. Here we are. Here we are. (*He takes a third bag and resigns himself*.) The sonnet to Phyllis . . . It is hard, all the same.

LISE. It is lucky you made up your mind. (*Shrugging her shoulders*.) Nicotianus ! (*She climbs on a chair and arranges dishes on a sideboard*.)

RAGUENEAU (*taking advantage of her not being turned, calls back the children who had already reached the door*). Psst ! Children ! Give me back the sonnet to Phyllis, and you shall have six patties instead of three ! (*The children give back*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

He takes the paper-bag, joyfully take the path and exeunt. RAGUENEAU smooths out the crumpled paper and reads declaiming "Phyllis!" . . . Upon that charming name, a grease-spot! . . . "Phyllis!"

(Enter brusquely CYRANO.)

CYRANO. What time is it?

RAGUENEAU (*bowing with eager deference*). Six o'clock.

CYRANO (*with emotion*). In an hour (*He comes and goes in the shop*.)

RAGUENEAU (*following him*). Bravo! I was too was witness. . . .

CYRANO. Of what?

RAGUENEAU. Your fight.

CYRANO. Which?

RAGUENEAU. At the Hotel de Bourgois.

CYRANO (*with disdain*). Ah, the duels!

RAGUENEAU (*admiringly*). Yes, the duels in rhyme.

LISE. He can talk of nothing else.

CYRANO. Let him! . . . It does no harm.

RAGUENEAU (*thrusting with a spit his finger into his mouth*). "At the last line, I hit!" "At the last line I hit!"—How fine that is! (*With growing enthusiasm*.) "At the last line, I—"

CYRANO. What time, Ragueneau?

rac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

the patti
othes out
declaimin
at charm
hyllis!"

RAGUENEAU (*remaining fixed in the attitude of thrusting, while he looks at the clock*). Five minutes past six.—“*I hit!*” (*He recovers from his duelling posture.*) Oh, to be able to make a ballade!

eager de

LISE (*to CYRANO, who in passing her counter has absentmindedly shaken hands with her*). What ails your hand?

In an ho

CYRANO. Nothing. A scratch.

p.)

RAGUENEAU. You have been exposed to some danger?

. Bravo

CYRANO. None whatever.

LISE (*shaking her finger at him*). I fear that is a fib!

de Bourgo

h, the du

CYRANO. From the swelling of my nose? The fib in that case must have been oversized. . . . (*In a different tone.*) I am expecting some one. If our meeting should not be under the elm out there, leave us alone in here.

hing else.

RAGUENEAU. But how can I contrive it? My poets shortly will be here . . .

. It does

LISE (*ironically*). For breakfast!

h a spit h

CYRANO. When I sign to you, you will clear the place of them.—What time is it?

I hit!"

y fine tha

RAGUENEAU. It is ten minutes past six.

“At the

CYRANO (*seating himself nervously at RAGUENEAU’S table and helping himself to paper*). A pen?

gueneau?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

RAGUENEAU (*taking one from behind his ear, and offering it*). A swan's quill.

A MOUSQUETAIRE (*with enormous movements*), enters; in a stentorian voice Good-morning!

(LISE goes hurriedly to him, toward the back.)

CYRANO (*turning*). What is it?

RAGUENEAU. A friend of my wife's—a warrior,—terrible, from his own reports.

CYRANO (*taking up the pen again, and waving RAGUENEAU away*). Chut! . . .

(*To himself*.) Write to her, . . . fold the letter, . . . hand it to her, . . . and make my escape. . . . (*Throwing down the pen*) Coward! But may I perish if I have the courage to speak to her, . . . to say a single word. . . . (*To RAGUENEAU*.) What time is it?

RAGUENEAU. A quarter past six.

CYRANO (*beating his breast*). A single word of all I carry here! . . . Where is it in writing. . . (*He takes up the pen again*) Come, let us write it then, in very deep ink the love-letter I have written in thought many times, I have but to lay my soul on one side my paper, and copy!

(*He writes.*)

(*Beyond the glass-door, shadowy light*)

Cyrano de Bergerac.

behind his quill. *hesitating shabby forms are seen moving.*
 anxious movements. *Enter the poets, clad in black, with hanging hose, sadly mudsplashed.)*

ian voice. LISE (coming forward, to RAGUENEAU).
 Here they come, your scarecrows!

toward the FIRST POET (entering, to RAGUENEAU).
 Brother in art! . . .

it? SECOND POET (shaking both RAGUENEAU'S
 hands). Dear fellow-bard. . . .

ay wife's, own report. THIRD POET. Eagle of pastrycooks,
 again, and (sniffs the air), your eyrie smells divine!

Chut! . . . FOURTH POET. Phœbus turned baker!

. . . fold the FIFTH POET. Apollo master-cook!

. and make RAGUENEAU (surrounded, embraced,
 own the partaken by the hand). How at his ease a
 wish if I have man feels at once with them!

. . . to say FIRST POET. The reason we are late, is
 AU.) Why the crowd at the Porte de Nesle!

t six. SECOND POET. Eight ugly ruffians,
). A single ripped open with the sword, lie weltering
 the pavement.

. Where CYRANO (raising his head a second).
 e pen again light? I thought there were only seven.
 n very deep does on with his letter.)

n thought RAGUENEAU (to CYRANO). Do you hap-
 my soul to know who is the hero of this
 event?

adowy la CYRANO (negligently). I? . . . No.

LISE (to the MOUSQUETAIRE). Do you?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

THE MOUSQUETAIRE (*turning up the end of his moustache*). Possibly!

CYRANO (*writing; from time to time he heard murmuring a word or two*), . . . "love you . . ."

FIRST POET. A single man, we were told, put a whole gang to flight!

SECOND POET. Oh, it was a rare sight! The ground was littered with pikes, and cudgels. . .

CYRANO (*writing*). . . "Your eyes. . ."

THIRD POET. Hats were strewn as fast as the Goldsmiths' square!

FIRST POET. Sapristi! He must have been a madman of mettle. . . .

CYRANO (*as above*). " . . . your lips . . ."

FIRST POET. An infuriate giant, the doer of that deed!

CYRANO (*same business*). " . . . when I see you, I come near to swoon with a tender dread . . ."

SECOND POET (*snapping up a tart*). What have you lately written, Ragoueneau?

CYRANO (*same business*). " . . . loves you devotedly . . ." (*In the act of signing the letter, he stops, rises, and thrusts it inside his doublet*.) No need to sign, I deliver it myself.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

RAGUENEAU (to SECOND POET). I have rhymed a recipe.

THIRD POET (*establishing himself beside a tray of cream puffs*). Let us hear this recipe!

FOURTH POET (*examining a brioche of which he has possessed himself*). It should not wear its cap so saucily on one side . . . it scarcely looks well! . . . (*Bites off the top.*)

FIRST POET. See, the spice-cake there, ogling a susceptible poet with eyes of almond under citron brows! . . . (*He takes the spice cake.*)

SECOND POET. We are listening!

THIRD POET (*slightly squeezing a cream puff between his fingers*). This puff creams the mouth. . . . I water!

SECOND POET (*taking a bite out of the large pastry lyre*). For once the Lyre will be filled my stomach!

RAGUENEAU (*who has made ready to re- nite, has coughed, adjusted his cap, struck attitude*). A recipe in rhyme!

SECOND POET (to FIRST POET, nudging). Is it breakfast, with you?

FIRST POET (to SECOND POET). And with you is it dinner?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

RAGUENEAU. *How Almond Cheese-Cakes should be made.*

Briskly beat to lightness due,
Eggs, a few;
With the eggs so beaten, beat—
Nicely strained for this same use,—
Lemon-juice,
Adding milk of almonds, sweet.

With fine pastry dough, rolled flat,
After that,
Line each little scalloped mold;
Round the sides, light-fingered, spread
Marmalade;
Pour the liquid eggy gold,

Into each delicious pit;
Prison it
In the oven,—and, bye and bye,
Almond cheesecakes will in gay
Blond array
Bless your nostril and your eye!

THE POETS (*their mouths full*). Exquisite! . . . Delicious!

ONE OF THE POETS (*choking*). Humph! . . .
(*They go toward the back, eating*)
CYRANO, *who has been watching them, approaches* RAGUENEAU.)

CYRANO
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RAGUENEAU
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LISE. But
CYRANO (*pi*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. While you recite your works to them, have you a notion how they stuff?

RAGUENEAU (*low, with a smile*). Yes, I see them . . . without looking, lest they should be abashed. I get a double pleasure thus from saying my verses over: I satisfy a harmless weakness of which I stand convicted, at the same time as giving those who have not fed a needed chance to feed!

CYRANO (*slapping him on the shoulder*). You. . . I like you! (RAGUENEAU *joins his friends*. CYRANO *looks after him; then, somewhat sharply*.) Hey, Lise! (LISE, *absorbed in tender conversation with the MOUSQUETAIRE, starts and comes forward toward CYRANO*.) Is that captain . . . laying siege to you?

LISE (*offended*). My eyes, sir, have ever held in respect those who meant hurt to my character. . . .

CYRANO. For eyes so resolute . . . I thought yours looked a little languishing!

LISE (*choking with anger*). But . . .

CYRANO (*bluntly*). I like your husband. Wherefore, Madame Lise, I say he shall not be so . . . horned!

LISE. But . . .

CYRANO (*rising his voice so as to be heard*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

by the MOUSQUETAIRE). A word to the wise! (He bows to the MOUSQUETAIRE, and after looking at the clock, goes to the door at the back and stands in watch.)

LISE (to the MOUSQUETAIRE, who has simply returned CYRANO'S bow). Really . . . I am astonished at you . . . Defy him . . . to his face!

THE MOUSQUETAIRE. To his face, indeed . . . to his face! . . . (He quickly moves off. LISE follows him.)

CYRANO (from the door at the back signalling to RAGUENEAU that he should clear the room). Pst! . . .

RAGUENEAU (urging the POETS toward the door at the right). We shall be much more comfortable in there. . . .

CYRANO (impatiently). Pst! . . . Pst! . . .

RAGUENEAU (driving along the POETS). I want to read you a little thing of mine. . . .

FIRST POET (despairingly, his mouth full). But the provisions. . . .

SECOND POET. Shall not be parted from us!

(They follow RAGUENEAU in procession after making a raid on the eatables.)

CYRANO. If I feel that there is so much as a glimmer of hope . . . I will out with my letter! . . .

Cyran

(ROXANE, m

glass door, fo

CYRANO (in

Welcome! (

Madame, a wo

THE DUENNA

CYRANO. A

THE DUENNA.

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CYRANO (sna

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THE DUENNA.

CYRANO. W

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THE DUENNA (

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THE DUENNA.

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CYRANO. Six

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Oh! And do you

nes . . . fresh?

THE DUENNA.

CYRANO (loadi

Cyrano de Bergerac.

(ROXANE, *masked, appears behind the glass door, followed by the DUENNA.*)

CYRANO (*instantly opening the door*).

Welcome! (*Approaching the DUENNA.*)

Madame, a word with you!

THE DUENNA. A dozen.

CYRANO. Are you fond of sweets?

THE DUENNA. To the point of indigestion!

CYRANO (*snatching some paper bags off the counter*). Good. Here are two sonnets of Beuserade's. . .

THE DUENNA. Pooh!

CYRANO. Which I fill for you with grated almond drops.

THE DUENNA (*with a different expression*).
Ha!

CYRANO. Do you look with favor upon the cake they call a trifle?

THE DUENNA. I affect it out of measure, when it has whipped cream inside.

CYRANO. Six shall be yours, thrown in with a poem by Saint-Amant. And in these verses of Chapelain I place this wedge of fruit-cake, light by the side of them. . . .

Oh! And do you like tarts . . . little jam ones . . . fresh?

THE DUENNA. I dream of them at night!

CYRANO (*loading her arms with cram-*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

med paper bags). Do me the favor to go and eat these in the street.

THE DUENNA. But . . .

CYRANO (*pushing her out*). And do not come back till you have finished! (*He closes up the door upon her, comes forward toward ROXANE, and stands, bareheaded, at respectful distance.*) Blessed forevermore among all hours the hour in which, remembering that so lowly a being still draws breath, you were so gracious as to come to tell me . . . to tell me? . . .

ROXANE (*who has removed her mask*). First of all, that I thank you. For that churl, that coxcomb yesterday, whom you taught manners with your sword, is that one whom a great nobleman, who fancied himself in love with me. . . .

CYRANO. De Guiche?

ROXANE (*dropping her eyes*). Has that to force upon me as a husband.

CYRANO. Honorary? (*Bowing.*) It appears, then, that I fought, and I am glad of it, not for my graceless nose, but for my thrice-beautiful eyes.

ROXANE. Further than that . . . I wished . . . But, before I can make my confession I have in mind to make, I find in you once more the . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

brother, with whom as a child I used to play, in the park—do you remember?—by the lake!

CYRANO. I have not forgotten. Yes . . . you came every summer to Bergerac.

ROXANE. You used to fashion lances out of reeds. . .

CYRANO. The silk of the tasselled corn furnished hair for your doll . . .

ROXANE. It was the time of long delightful games . . .

CYRANO. And somewhat sour berries . . .

ROXANE. The time when you did everything I bade you!

CYRANO. Roxane, wearing short frocks, was known as Magdeleine.

ROXANE. Was I pretty in those days?

CYRANO. You were not ill-looking.

ROXANE. Sometimes, in your venture-some climbings you used to hurt yourself.

You would come running to me, your hand bleeding. And, playing at being your

mamma, I would harden my voice and say . . . (*She takes his hand.*) "Will

you never keep out of mischief?" (*She stops short, amazed.*) Oh, it is too much!

Here you have done it again! (*CYRANO tries to draw back his hand.*) No! Let

me look at it! . . . Aren't you ashamed?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

A great boy like you! . . . How did this happen, and where?

CYRANO. Oh, fun . . . near the Port de Nesle.

ROXANE (*sitting down at a table and dipping her handkerchief into a glass of water*). Let me have it.

CYRANO (*sitting down too*). So prettily so cheeringly maternal!

ROXANE. And tell me, while I wash this naughty blood away . . . with how many were you fighting?

CYRANO. Oh, not quite a hundred.

ROXANE. Tell me about it.

CYRANO. No. What does it matter? You tell me, you . . . what you were going to tell me before, and did not dare . . .

ROXANE (*without releasing his hand*). I do dare, now. I have breathed in courage with the perfume of the past. Oh, yes, now I dare. Here it is. There is someone whom I love.

CYRANO. Ah! . . .

ROXANE. Oh, he does not know it.

CYRANO. Ah! . . .

ROXANE. As yet. . . .

CYRANO. Ah! . . .

ROXANE. But if he does not know it, soon will.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. Ah! . . .

ROXANE. A poor boy who until now has loved me timidly, from a distance, without daring to speak. . . .

CYRANO. Ah! . . .

ROXANE. No, leave me your hand. It is hot, this will cool it. . . But I have read his heart in his face.

CYRANO. Ah! . . .

ROXANE (*completing the bandaging of his hand with her small pocket-handkerchief*). And, cousin, is it not a strange coincidence—that he should serve exactly in your regiment!

CYRANO. Ah! . . .

ROXANE (*laughing*). Yes. He is a cadet, in the same company!

CYRANO. Ah! . . .

ROXANE. He bears plain on his forehead the stamp of wit, of genius! He is proud, noble, young, brave, handsome. . . .

CYRANO (*rising, pale*). Handsome! . . .

ROXANE. What . . . what is the matter?

CYRANO. With me? . . . Nothing! . . . It is . . . it is . . . (*Showing his hand, smiling.*) You know! . . . It smarts a little . . .

ROXANE. In short, I love him. I must

Cyrano de Bergerac.

tell you, however, that I have never seen him save at the play.

CYRANO. Then you have never spoken to each other?

ROXANE. Only with our eyes.

CYRANO. But, then . . . how can you know? . . .

ROXANE. Oh, under the lindens of Place Royale, people will talk. A trustworthy gossip told me many things!

CYRANO. A cadet, did you say?

ROXANE. A cadet, in your company.

CYRANO. His name?

ROXANE. Baron Christian de Neuvilette.

CYRANO. What? He is not in the cadet

ROXANE. He is! He certainly is, since morning. Captain Carbon de Cast Jalous.

CYRANO. And quickly, quickly, she throws away her heart! . . . But my little girl . . .

THE DUENNA (*opening the door at back*). Monsieur de Bergerac, I have seen them, every one!

CYRANO. Now read the poetry printed upon the bags! (*The DUENNA disappears*). My poor child, you who can endure but the choicest language, who savor

Cyrano de Bergerac.

quence and wit, . . . if he should be a barbarian!

ROXANE. No! no! . . . He has hair like one of D'Urfé's heroes!

CYRANO. If he had on proof as homely a wit as he has pretty hair!

ROXANE. No! No! . . . I can see at a single glance, his utterances are fine, pointed . . .

CYRANO. Ah, yes! A man's utterances are invariably like his moustache! . . . Still, if he *were* a ninny? . . .

ROXANE (*stamping with her foot*). I should die, there!

CYRANO (*after a time*). You bade me come here that you might tell me this? I scarcely see the appropriateness, Madame.

ROXANE. Ah, it was because someone yesterday let death into my soul by telling me that in your company you are all Gascons. . . . all!

CYRANO. And that we pick a quarrel with every impudent fledgling, not Gascon, admitted by favor to our thoroughbred Gascon ranks? That is what you heard?

ROXANE. Yes, and you can imagine how distracted I am for him!

CYRANO (*in his teeth*). You well may be!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. But I thought, yesterday when you towered up, great and invincible giving his due to that miscreant, standing your ground against those caitiffs, I thought "Were he but willing, he of whom all are in awe . . ."

CYRANO. Very well, I will protect your little baron.

ROXANE. Ah, you will . . . you will protect him for me? . . . I have always felt for you the tenderest regard!

CYRANO. Yes, yes.

ROXANE. You will be his friend?

CYRANO. I will!

ROXANE. And never shall he have to fight a duel?

CYRANO. I swear it.

ROXANE. Oh, I quite love you! . . . Now I must go. (*She hurriedly resumes her mask, throws a veil over her head; she is absentmindedly*). But you have not yet told me about last night's encounter. It must have been amazing! . . . Tell him to write to me. (*She kisses her hand to him*). I love you dearly!

CYRANO. Yes, yes.

ROXANE. A hundred men against you . . . Well, adieu. We are fast friends.

CYRANO. Yes, yes.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. Tell him to write me! . . . A hundred men! You shall tell me another time. I must not linger now . . . A hundred men! What a heroic thing to do!

(CYRANO *(bowing)*). Oh, I have done better since!

(*Exit* ROXANE. CYRANO stands motionless, staring at the ground. Silence. The door at the right opens. RAGUENEAU thrusts in his head.)

RAGUENEAU. May we come back?

CYRANO (*without moving*). Yes. . .

(RAGUENEAU beckons, his friends come in again. At the same time, in the doorway at the back, appears CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX, costume of a Captain of the Guards. On seeing CYRANO, he gesticulates exaggeratedly by way of signal to someone out of sight).

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX. He is here!

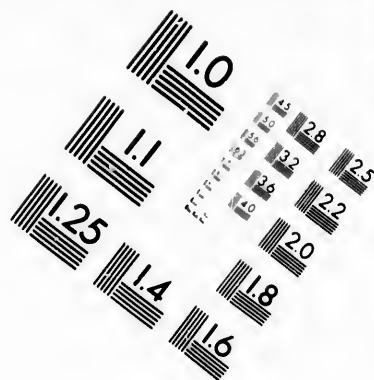
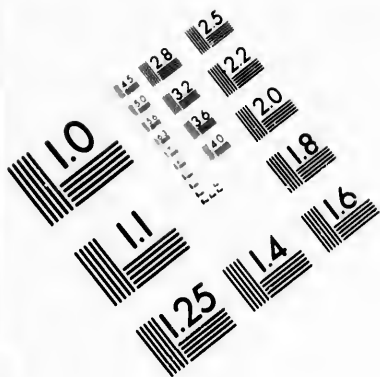
CYRANO (*looking up*). Captain!

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX (*exultant*). Hero! We know all! . . . About thirty of my cadets are out there! . . .

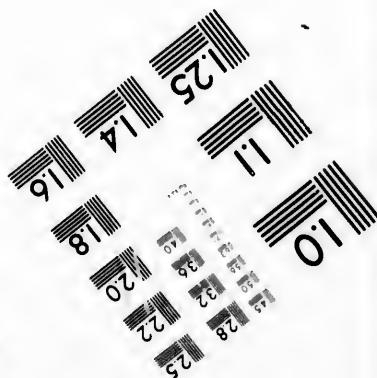
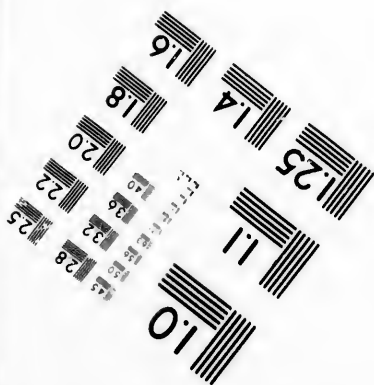
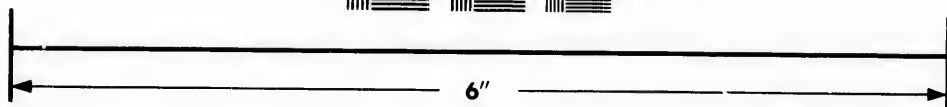
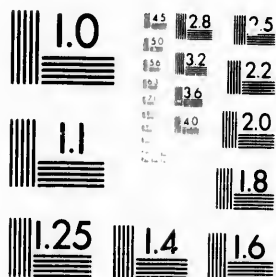
CYRANO (*drawing back*). But . . .

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX (*trying to lead him off*). Come! . . . You are in request!

CYRANO. No!

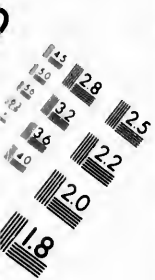


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Cyrano de Bergerac.

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX. They are drinking across the way, at the Cross of the Hilt.

CYRANO. I . . .

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX (*going to the door and shouting toward the street corner, in a stentorian voice*). The hero refuses. He is not in the humor!

A VOICE (*outside*). Ah, sandious! . . .

(*Tumult outside, noise of clanking swords and of boots drawing nearer.*)

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX (*rubbing his hands*). Here they come, across the street. . . .

THE CADETS (*entering the cookshop*). Mille dious! . . . Capdedious! . . . Mordious! . . . Pocapdedious! . . .

RAGUENEAU (*backing in alarm*). Messieurs, are you all natives of Gascony?

THE CADETS. All!

ONE OF THE CADETS (*to CYRANO*). Bravo!

CYRANO. Baron!

OTHER CADET (*shaking both CYRANO'S hands*). Viva!

CYRANO. Baron!

THIRD CADET. Let me hug you to my heart!

CYRANO. Baron!

SEVERAL GASCONS. Let us hug him!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO (*not knowing which one to answer*). Baron! . . . baron! . . . your pardon!

RAGUENEAU. Messieurs, are you all barons?

THE CADETS. All!

RAGUENEAU. Are they truly?

FIRST CADET. Our coats of arms piled up would dwindle in the clouds!

LE BRET (*entering, running to CYRANO*). They are looking for you! A crowd, gone mad as March, led by those who were with you last night.

CYRANO (*alarmed*). You never told them where to find me? . . .

LE BRET (*rubbing his hands*). I did.

A BURGHER (*entering, followed by a number of others*). Monsieur, the Marais is coming in a body!

(*The street outside has filled with people. Sedan-chairs, coaches stop before the door.*)

LE BRET (*smiling, low to CYRANO*). And Roxane?

CYRANO (*quickly*). Be quiet!

THE CROWD (*outside*). Cyrano!

(*A rabble bursts into the cookshop. Confusion. Shouting.*)

RAGUENEAU (*standing upon a table*). My

Cyrano de Bergerac.

shop is invaded! They are breaking everything! It is glorious!

PEOPLE (*pressing round* CYRANO). My friend . . . my friend . . .

CYRANO. I had not so many friends . . . yesterday!

LE BRET. This is success!

A YOUNG MARQUIS (*running towards* CYRANO, *with outstretched hands*). If you knew, my dear fellow . . .

CYRANO. Dear? . . . Fellow? . . . Where was it we stood sentinel together?

OTHER MARQUIS. I wish to present you, sir, to several ladies, who are outside my coach. . . .

CYRANO (*coldly*). But you, to me, whom will you first be presented?

LE BRET (*astonished*). But what is the matter with you?

CYRANO. Be still!

A MAN OF LETTERS (*with an inkhorn*). Will you kindly favor me with the details of . . .

CYRANO. No.

LE BRET (*nudging him*). That is THE PHRASTUS RENAUDOT, the inventor of the gazette.

CYRANO. Enough!

LE BRET. A sheet close packed with

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ious information ! It is an idea, they say,
likely to take firm root and flourish !

A POET (*coming forward*). Monsieur . . .

CYRANO. Another!

THE POET. I am anxious to make a pen-
taerostic on your name.

SOMEBODY ELSE (*likewise approaching*

CYRANO). Monsieur . . .

CYRANO. Enough, I say!

(*At the gesture of impatience which
CYRANO cannot repress, the crowd draws
away. DE GUICHE appears, escorted by
officers; among them CUIGY, BRISSAILLE,
those who followed CYRANO at the end
of the first act. CUIGY hurries toward
CYRANO.*)

CUIGY (*to CYRANO*). Monsieur de Guiche!
(*Murmurs. Every one draws back*). He
comes at the request of the Marshal de
Gaussion.

DE GUICHE (*bowing to CYRANO*). Who
wishes to express his admiration for your
latest exploit, the fame of which has
reached him.

THE CROWD. Bravo!

CYRANO (*bowing*). The Marshal is quali-
fied to judge of courage.

DE GUICHE. He would scarcely have
believed the report, had these gentlemen

Cyrano de Bergerac.

not been able to swear they had seen the deed performed.

CUGY. With our own eyes!

LE BRET (*low to CYRANO, who wears an abstracted air*). But . . .

CYRANO. Be silent!

LE BRET. You appear to be suffering . . .

CYRANO (*starting, and straightening himself*). Before these people? . . . (*His moustache bristles; he expands his chest*). I . . . suffering? . . . You shall see!

DE GUICHE (*in whose ear CUGY has been whispering*). But this is by no means the first gallant achievement marking your career. You serve in the madcap Gascon company, do you not?

CYRANO. In the cadets, yes.

ONE OF THE CADETS (*in a great voice*). Among his countrymen!

DE GUICHE (*considering the GASCONS, in line behind CYRANO*). Ah, ha!—All these gentlemen then of the formidable aspect are the famous . . .

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX. Cyrano!

CYRANO. Captain? . . .

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX. My company, I believe, is here in total. Be so obliging as to present it to the Count.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO (*taking a step toward DE GUICHE, and pointing at the CADETS*).

They are the Gascony Cadets
Of Carbon de Castel Jaloux;
Famed fighters, liars, desperates,
They are the Gascony Cadets!
All, better-born than pickpockets,
Talk couchant, rampant, . . . pendent,
too!

They are the Gascony Cadets
Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux!

Cat-whiskered, eyed like falconets,
Wolf-toothed and heron-legged, they hew
The rabble down that snarls and threats . . .
Cat-whiskered, eyed like falconets!
Great pomp of plume hides and offsets
Holes in those hats they wear askew . . .
Cat-whiskered, eyed like falconets,
They drive the snarling mob, and hew!

The mildest of their sobriquets
Are Crack-my-Crown and Run-me-through,
Mad drunk on glory Gascon gets!

These boasters of soft sobriquets
Wherever rapier rapier whets
Are met in punctual rendezvous. . .

The mildest of their sobriquets
Are Crack-my-crown and Run-me-through!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

They are the Gascony Cadets
That give the jealous spouse his due!
Lean forth, adorable coquettes,
They are the Gascony Cadets,
With plumes and scarfs and aigulets!
The husband gray may well look blue. . .
They are the Gascony Cadets
That give the jealous spouse his due!

DE GUICHE (*nonchalantly seated in an armchair which RAGUENEAU has hurriedly brought for him*). A gentleman provides himself to-day, by way of luxury, with a poet. May I look upon you as mine?

CYRANO. No, your lordship, as nobody's.

DE GUICHE. My uncle Richelieu yesterday found your spontaneity diverting. I shall be pleased to be of use to you with him.

LE BRET (*dazzled*). Great God!

DE GUICHE. I cannot think I am wrong in supposing that you have rhymed a tragedy?

LE BRET (*whispering to CYRANO*). My boy, your Agrippina will be played!

DE GUICHE. Take it to him. . . .

CYRANO (*tempted and pleased*). Really . . .

DE GUICHE. He has taste in such

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matters. He will no more than, here and there, alter a word, recast a passage. . . .

CYRANO (*whose face has instantly darkened*). Not to be considered, monsieur! My blood runs cold at the thought of a single comma added or suppressed.

DE GUICHE. On the other hand, my dear sir, when a verse finds favor with him, he pays for it handsomely.

CYRANO. He scarcely can pay me as I pay myself, when I have achieved a verse to my liking, by singing it over to myself!

DE GUICHE. You are proud.

CYRANO. You have observed it?

ONE OF THE CADETS (*coming in with a number of disreputable, draggled tattered hats threaded on his sword*). Look, Cyrano! at the remarkable feathered game we secured this morning near the Porte de Nesle! The hats of the fugitives!

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX. *Spolia opima!*

ALL (*laughing*). Ha! Ha! Ha! . . .

CUIGY. The one who planned that military action, my word! must be proud of it to-day!

BRISSAILLE. Is it known who did it?

DE GUICHE. I!— (*The laughter stops short*). They had instructions to chastise

Cyrano de Bergerac.

—a matter one does not attend to in person,—a drunken scribbler. (*Constrained silence.*)

THE CADET (*under breath, to CYRANO, indicating the hats*). What can we do with them? They are oily. . . . Make them into a hotch pot?

CYRANO (*taking the sword with the hats, and bowing, as he shakes them off at DE GUICHE'S feet*). Monsieur, if you should care to return them to your friends? . . .

DE GUICHE (*rises, and in a curt tone*). My chair and bearers, at once. (*To CYRANO, violently.*) As for you, sir . . .

A VOICE (*in the street, shouting*). The chairmen of Monseigneur the Comte de Guiche!

DE GUICHE (*who has recovered control over himself, with a smile*). Have you read Don Quixote?

CYRANO. I have. And at the name of that divine madman, I uncover . . .

DE GUICHE. My advice to you is to ponder. . . .

A CHAIRMAN (*appearing at the back*). The chair is at the door!

DE GUICHE. The chapter of the windmills.

CYRANO (*bowing*). Chapter thirteen.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

DE GUICHE. For when a man attacks them, it often happens. . . .

CYRANO. I have attacked, am I to infer a thing that veers with every wind?

DE GUICHE. That one of their far-reaching canvas arms pitches him down into the mud!

CYRANO. Or up among the stars!

(Exit DE GUICHE. He is seen getting into his chair. The gentlemen withdraw whispering. LE BRET goes to the door with them. The crowd leaves. The CADETS remain seated at the right and left at tables where food and drink is brought to them).

CYRANO *(bowing with a derisive air to those who leave without daring to take leave of him)*. Gentlemen . . . gentlemen . . . gentlemen. . . .

LE BRET *(coming forward, greatly distressed, lifting his hands to Heaven)*. Oh, in what a pretty pair of shoes. . . .

CYRANO. Oh, you! . . . I expect you to grumble!

LE BRET. But yourself, you will agree with me that invariably to cut the throat of opportunity becomes an exaggeration! . . .

CYRANO. Yes. I agree. I do exaggerate.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

LE BRET (*triumphant*). You see, you admit it ! . . .

CYRANO. But for the sake of principle and of example, as well, I think it a good thing to exaggerate as I do !

LE BRET. Could you but leave apart once in a while, your mousquetaire of soul, fortune, undoubtedly, fame. . . .

CYRANO. And what should a man do? Seek some grandee, take him for patron and like the obscure creeper clasping tree-trunk, and licking the bark of the which props it up, attain to height by error instead of strength? No, I thank you. Dedicate, as they all do, poems to financiers? Wear motley in the humble hope of seeing the lips of a minister distend once in a smile not ominous of ill? No, thank you. Eat every day a toad? Show threadbare at the belly with groveling? Have his skin dirty soonest at the knees? Practice feats of dorsal elasticity? No, thank you. With one hand stroke the goat while with the other he waters the cabbage? Make gifts of senna that counter gifts of rhubarb may accrue, and indignantly swing his censer in some behalf? No, I thank you. Push himself from the lap, become a little great man in a great

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circle, propel his ship with madrigals for
ears and in his sails the sighs of the elderly
ladies? No, I thank you. Get the good
editor Serey to print his verses at proper
expense? No, I thank you. Contrive to
be nominated Pope in conclaves held by
imbeciles in wineshops? No, I thank you.
Work to construct a name upon the basis
of a sonnet, instead of constructing other
sonnets? No, I thank you. Discover
talent in tyros, and in them alone? Stand
in terror of what gazettes may please to
say, and say to himself "At whatever
cost, may I figure in the Paris Mercury!"
No, I thank you. Calculate, cringe, peak,
offer making a call to a poem,—petition,
solicit, apply? No, I thank you! No, I
thank you! No, I thank you! But
Sing, dream, laugh, loaf, be single, be free,
have eyes that look squarely, a voice with
ring; wear, if he chooses, his hat hindside
fore; for a yes, for a no, fight a duel or turn
brave! . . . Work, without concern of for-
e or of glory, to accomplish the heart's-
desired journey to the moon! Put forth
something that has not its spring in the very
heart, yet, modest, say to himself, "Old
man, be satisfied with blossoms, fruits, yea,
flowers alone, so they be gathered in your

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garden and not another man's!" Then, if it happen that to some small extent he triumph, be obliged to render of the glory, to Cæsar, not one jot, but honestly appropriate it all. In short, scorning to be the parasite, the creeper, if even failing to be the oak, rise, not perchance to a great height, . . . but rise alone!

LE BRET. Alone? Good! but not one against all! How the devil did you contract the mania that possesses you for making enemies, always, everywhere?

CYRANO. By seeing you make friends and smile to those same flocks of friends with a mouth that takes for model an old purse! I wish not to be troubled to return bows in the street, and I exclaim with glee "An enemy the more!"

LE BRET. This is mental aberration!

CYRANO. I do not dispute it. I am framed. To displease is my pleasure. I love that one should hate me. Dear friend, if you but knew how much better a man walks under the exciting fire of hostile eyes, and how amused he may become over the spots on his doublet, spattered with Envy and Cowardice! . . . You, the false friendship wherewith you surround yourself, resembles those wide Italian collars.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

loose and easy, with a perforated pattern, in which the neck looks like a woman's. They are more comfortable, but of less high effect; for the brow not held in proud position by any constraint from them, falls to nodding this way and that. . . . But for me every day Hatred starches and flutes the ruff whose stiffness holds the head well in place. Every new enemy is another plait in it, adding compulsion, but adding, as well, a ray: for, similar in every point to the Spanish ruff, Hatred is a bondage, . . . but is a halo, too!

LE BRET (*after a pause, slipping his arm through CYRANO'S*). To the hearing of all be proud and bitter, . . . but to me, below breath, say simply that she does not love you!

CYRANO (*sharply*). Not a word!

(CHRISTIAN has come in and mingled with the cadets: they ignore him; he has finally gone to a little table by himself, where LISE sits on him.)

ONE OF THE CADETS (*seated at a table at the back, glass in hand*). Hey, Cyrano!

CYRANO *turns toward him*). Your story!

CYRANO. Presently! (*He goes toward the back on LE BRET'S arm. They talk*.)

Cyrano de Bergerac.

THE CADET (*rising and coming toward the front*). The account of your fight! It will be the best lesson (*stopping in front of the table at which CHRISTIAN is sitting*) for this timorous novice!

CHRISTIAN (*looking up*). . . . Novice?

OTHER CADET. Yes, sickly product of the North!

CHRISTIAN. Sickly?

FIRST CADET (*impressively*). Monsieur de Neuville, it is a good deed to warn you that there is a thing no more to be mentioned in our company than rope in the house of the hanged!

CHRISTIAN. And what is it?

OTHER CADET (*in a terrifying voice*). Look at me! (*Three times, darkly, he places his finger upon his nose.*) You have understood?

CHRISTIAN. Ah, it is the . . .

OTHER CADET. Silence! . . . Never must you so much as breathe that word, or . . . (*He points toward CYRANO at the back talking with LE BRET.*) You will have him over there, to deal with!

OTHER CADET (*who while CHRISTIAN was turned toward the first, has noiselessly seated himself on the table behind him*). Two persons were lately cut off in their

Cyrano de Bergerac.

pride by him for talking through their noses. He thought it personal.

OTHER CADET (*in a cavernous voice, as he rises from under the table where he had slipped on all fours*). Not the remotest allusion, ever, to the fatal cartilage, . . . unless you fancy an early grave!

OTHER CADET. A word will do the business! What did I say? . . . A word? . . . A simple gesture! Make use of your pocket-handkerchief, you will shortly have use for your shroud!

(*Silence. All around CHRISTIAN watch him, with folded arms. He rises and goes to CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX, who, in conversation with an officer, affects to notice nothing*).

CHRISTIAN. Captain!

CARBON (*turning and looking him rather contemptuously up and down*). Monsieur?

CHRISTIAN. What is the proper course for a man when he finds gentlemen of the South too boastful?

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX. He must prove to them that one can be of the North, yet brave. (*He turns his back upon him.*)

CHRISTIAN. I am much obliged.

FIRST CADET (*to CYRANO*). And now, the tale of your adventure!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ALL. Yes, yes, now let us hear !

CYRANO (*coming forward among them.*
My adventure? (*All draw their stools
nearer, and sit around him, with craned
necks.* CHRISTIAN *sits astride a chair.*
Well, then, I was marching to meet them.
The moon up in the skies was shining
like a silver watch, when suddenly I know
not what careful watch-maker having
wrapped it in a cottony cloud, there oc-
curred the blackest imaginable night;
and, the streets being nowise lighted,—
mordious!—you could see no further
than . . .

CHRISTIAN. Your nose.

(*Silence. Everyone slowly gets up: all
look with terror at CYRANO. He has
stopped short, amazed. Pause.*)

CYRANO. Who is that man ?

ONE OF THE CADETS (*low*). He joined
this morning.

CYRANO (*taking a step toward CHRISTIAN*).
This morning ?

CARBON DE CASTEL JALOUX (*low*). His
name is Baron de Neuvill

CYRANO (*stopping short*). Ah, very
well. . . . (*He turns pale, then red, gives
evidence of another impulse to throw himself
upon CHRISTIAN.*) I (*He con-*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

quers it, and says in a stifled voice.) Very well. (He takes up his tale.) As I was saying . . . (with a burst of rage.) Mordious! . . . (He continues in a natural tone) one could not see in the very least. (Cousternation. All resume their seats, staring at one another.) And I was walking, along reflecting that for a very insignificant rogue I was probably about to offend some great prince who would bear me a lasting grudge, that, in brief, I was about to thrust my . . .

CHRISTIAN. Nose . . .

(All get up. CHRISTIAN has tilted his chair and is rocking on the hind legs.)

CYRANO (choking). Finger . . . between the tree and the bark ; for the aforesaid prince might be of sufficient power to trip me and throw me . . .

CHRISTIAN. On my nose . . .

CYRANO (wipes the sweat from his brow.)

But, said I, "Gascony forward! Never falter when duty prompts! Forward, Cyrano!" and, saying this, I advance-- when suddenly, in the darkness, I barely avoid a blow . . .

CHRISTIAN. Upon the nose . . .

CYRANO. I ward it. . . . and thereupon and myself . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CHRISTIAN. Nose to nose . . .

CYRANO (*springing toward him*). *Ventre-Saint-Gris!* . . . (*All the GASCONS rush forward, to see; CYRANO, on reaching CHRISTIAN, controls himself and proceeds*) . . . with a hundred drunken brawlers, smelling . . .

CHRISTIAN. To the nose's limit . . .

CYRANO (*deathly pale, and smiling*) . . . of garlic and of grease. I leap forward, head lowered . . .

CHRISTIAN. Nose to the wind! . . .

CYRANO. And I charge them. I knock two breathless and run a third through the body. One lets off at me: Paf! and I retort . . .

CHRISTIAN. Pif!

CYRANO (*exploding*). Death and damnation! Go,—all of you!

(*All the CADETS make for the door.*)

FIRST CADET. The tiger is roused at last!

CYRANO. All! and leave me with this man.

SECOND CADET. *Bigre!* When we see him again, it will be in the shape of mince-meat!

RAGUENEAU. Mince-meat? . . .

OTHER CADET. In one of your pies.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

RAGUENEAU. I feel myself grow white and flabby as a table-napkin!

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX. Let us go!

OTHER CADET. Not a smudge of him will be left!

OTHER CADET. What these walls are about to behold gives me gooseflesh to think upon!

OTHER CADET (*closing the door at the right*). Ghastly! . . . Ghastly!

(*All have left, by the back or the sides, a few up the stairway. CYRANO and CHRISTIAN remain face to face, and look at each other a moment.*)

CYRANO. Embrace me!

CHRISTIAN. Monsieur . . .

CYRANO. Brave fellow.

CHRISTIAN. But what does this . . .

CYRANO. Very brave fellow. I wish you to.

CHRISTIAN. Will you tell me? . . .

CYRANO. Embrace me, I am her brother.

CHRISTIAN. Whose?

CYRANO. Hers!

CHRISTIAN. What do you mean?

CYRANO. Roxane's!

CHRISTIAN (*running to him*). Heavens! You, her brother?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. Or the same thing: her first cousin.

CHRISTIAN. And she has . . .

CYRANO. Told me everything!

CHRISTIAN. Does she love me?

CYRANO. Perhaps!

CHRISTIAN (*seizing his hands*). How happy I am, monsieur, to make your acquaintance! . . .

CYRANO. That is what I call a sudden sentiment!

CHRISTIAN. Forgive me! . . .

CYRANO (*looking at him, laying his hand upon his shoulder*). It is true that he is handsome, the rascal!

CHRISTIAN. If you but knew, Monsieur, how greatly I admire you! . . .

CYRANO. But all those noses which you . . .

CHRISTIAN. I take them back!

CYRANO. Roxane expects a letter to-night . . .

CHRISTIAN. Alas!

CYRANO. What is the matter?

CHRISTIAN. I am lost if I cease to be dumb!

CYRANO. How is that?

CHRISTIAN. Alas! I am such a dumb that I could kill myself for shame!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. But, no . . . no . . . You are surely not a dunce, if you believe you are! Besides, you scarcely attacked me like a dunce.

CHRISTIAN. Oh, it is easy to find words in mounting to the assault! Indeed, I own to a certain cheap military readiness, but when I am before women, I have not a word to say. . . . Yet their eyes, when I pass by, express a kindness toward me . . .

CYRANO. And do their hearts not express the same when you stop beside them?

CHRISTIAN. No! . . . for I am of those—I recognize it, and am dismayed!—who do not know how to talk of love.

CYRANO. *Tiens!* . . . It seems to me that if Nature had taken more pains with my shape, I should have been of those who do know how to talk of it.

CHRISTIAN. Oh, to be able to express things gracefully!

CYRANO. Oh, to be a graceful little figure of a passing mousquetaire!

CHRISTIAN. Roxane is a précieuse, . . . there is no chance but that I shall be a disillusion to Roxane!

CYRANO (*looking at CHRISTIAN*). If I had, to express my soul, such an interpreter! . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CHRISTIAN (*desperately*). I ought to have eloquence! . . .

CYRANO (*abruptly*). Eloquence I will lend you! . . . And you, to me, shall lend all-conquering physical charm . . . and between us we will compose a hero of romance!

CHRISTIAN. What?

CYRANO. Should you be able to say, as your own, things which I day by day would teach you?

CHRISTIAN. You are suggesting? . . .

CYRANO. Roxane shall not have delusions! Tell me, shall we win her heart, we two as one? will you submit to feel transmitted from my leather doublet into your doublet stitched with silk, the soul I wish to share?

CHRISTIAN. But Cyrano! . . .

CYRANO. Christian, will you?

CHRISTIAN. You frighten me!

CYRANO. Since you fear, left to yourself to chill her heart, will you consent,—and soon it will take fire, I vouch for it!—to contribute your lips to my phrases?

CHRISTIAN. Your eyes shine! . . .

CYRANO. Will you?

CHRISTIAN. What, would it please you so much?

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CYRANO (*with rapture*). It would . . .
(*Remembering, and confining himself to expressing an artistic pleasure*) . . . amuse me! It is an experiment fit surely to tempt a poet. Will you complete me, and let me in exchange complete you? We will walk side by side: you in full light, I in your shadow. . . . I will be wit to you . . . you, to me, shall be good looks!

CHRISTIAN. But the letter, which should be sent to her without delay? . . . Never shall I be able . . .

CYRANO (*taking from his doublet the letter written in the first part of the act*).

The letter? Here it is!

CHRISTIAN. How? . . .

CYRANO. It only wants the address.

CHRISTIAN. I . . .

CYRANO. You can send it without uneasiness. It is a good letter.

CHRISTIAN. You had? . . .

CYRANO. You shall never find us—poets!—without epistles in our pockets to the Chlorises . . . of our imagining! For we are those same that have for mistress a dream blown into the bubble of a name! Take,—you shall convert this feigning into earnest; I was sending forth at random these confessions and laments: you

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shall make the wandering birds to settle . . . Take it !' You shall see . . . I was as eloquent as if I had been sincere ! Take, and have done !

CHRISTIAN. But will it not need to be altered in any part ? . . . Written without object, will it fit Roxane ?

CYRANO. Like a glove !

CHRISTIAN. But . . .

CYRANO. Trust to the blindness of love . . . and vanity ! Roxane will never question that it was written for her.

CHRISTIAN. Ah, my friend ! (*He throws himself into CYRANO'S arms. They stand embraced.*)

ONE OF THE CADETS (*opening the door a very little*). Nothing more. . . . The stillness of death. . . . I dare not look . . . (*He thrusts in his head.*) What is this ?

ALL THE CADETS (*entering and seeing CYRANO and CHRISTIAN locked in each others arms*). Ah ! . . . Oh ! . . .

ONE OF THE CADETS. This passes bounds. (*Consternation*).

THE MOUSQUETAIRE (*impudent*). *Ouais* !

CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX. Our demon is waxen mild as an apostle ; smitten upon one nostril, he turns the other also !

THE MOUSQUETAIRE. It is in order now

Cyrano de Bergerac.

to speak of his nose, is it? (*Calling LISE, with a swaggering air*). Hey, Lise! now listen and look. (*Pointedly sniffing the air.*) Oh, . . . oh, . . . it is surprising! . . . what an odor! (*Going to CYRANO.*) But monsieur must have smelled it, too? Can you tell me what it is, so plain in the air?

CYRANO (*beating him*). Why, sundry blows!

(*Joyful antics of the CADETS in beholding CYRANO himself again. Curtain.*)

ACT THIRD.

ROXANE'S KISS.

A small square in the old Marais. Old-fashioned houses. Narrow streets seen in perspective. At the right, ROXANE'S house and the wall of her garden, above which spreading tree-tops. Over the house-door, a balcony and window. A bench beside the doorstep.

The wall is overclambered by ivy, the balcony wreathed with jasmine.

By means of the bench and projecting stones in the wall, the balcony can easily be scaled.

On the opposite side, old house in the same style of architecture, brick and stone, with entrance-door. The door-knocker is swaddled in linen.

At the rise of the curtain, the DUENNA is seated on the bench. The window on ROXANE'S balcony is wide open.

RAGUENEAU, in a sort of livery, stands near the DUENNA; he is finishing the tale of his misfortunes, drying his eyes.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

RAGUENEAU. And then, she eloped with a mousquetaire ! Ruined, forsaken, I was hanging myself. I had already taken leave of earth, when Monsieur de Bergerac happening along, unhanged me, and proposed me to his cousin as her steward. . .

THE DUENNA. But how did you fall into such disaster ?

RAGUENEAU. Lise was fond of soldiers, l. of poets ! Mars ate up all left over by Apollo. Under those circumstances, you conceive, the pantry soon was bare.

THE DUENNA (*rising and calling toward the open window*). Roxane, are you ready ? . . . They are waiting for us ! . . .

ROXANE'S VOICE (*through the window*). I am putting on my mantle !

THE DUENNA (*to RAGUENEAU, pointing at the door opposite*). It is over there, opposite, we are expected. At Clomire's. She holds a meeting in her little place. A disquisition upon the Softer Sentiments is to be read.

RAGUENEAU. Upon the Softer Sentiments ?

THE DUENNA (*coyly*). Yes ! . . . (*Calling toward the window*.) Roxane, you must make haste, or we shall miss the disquisition upon the Softer Sentiments !

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE'S VOICE. I am coming !

(*A sound of string-instruments is heard, drawing nearer.*)

CYRANO'S VOICE (*singing in the wings*).
La ! la ! la ! la ! la !

THE DUENNA (*surprised*). We are to have music ?

CYRANO (*enters followed by two PAGES with theorbos*). I tell you it is a demi-semi-quaver ! . . . you demi-semi-noddle !

FIRST PAGE (*ironically*). Monsieur knows then about quavers, semi and demi ?

CYRANO. I know music, as do all Gassendi's disciples !

THE PAGE (*playing and singing*). La ! la !

CYRANO (*snatching the theorbo from him and continuing the musical phrase*). I can carry on the melody. . . . La, la, la, la, . . .

ROXANE (*appearing on the balcony*). It is you ?

CYRANO (*singing upon the tune he is continuing*). I, indeed, who salute your lilies and present my respects to your ro-o-oses ! . . .

ROXANE. I am coming down ! (*She leaves the balcony.*)

THE DUENNA (*pointing at the PAGES*). What is the meaning of these two virtuosi

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. A wager I won, from D'Assoucy. We were disputing upon a question of grammar. Yes ! No ! Yes ! No ! Suddenly pointing at these two tall knaves, expert at clawing strings, by whom he constantly goes attended, he said, "I wager a day long of music !" He lost. Until therefore the next rise of the sun, I shall have dangling after me these arch-lute players, harmonic witnesses of all I do ! . . . At first I liked it very well, but now it palls a little. (*To the musicians*). Hey ! . . . Go, from me, to Montfleury, and play him a pavane ! . . . *The PAGES go toward the back. To the DUENNA.*) I have come to inquire of Roxane, as I do every evening. . . . (*To the PAGES who are leaving.*) Playing a long time . . . and out of tune ! (*To the DUENNA*). . . whether in the friend of her soul she can still detect no fault ?

ROXANE (*coming out of the house*). Ah, how beautiful he is, what wit he has, how deeply I love him !

CYRANO (*smiling*). Christian has so much wit ? . . .

ROXANE. Cousin, more than yourself !

CYRANO. I grant you.

ROXANE. There is not one alive, I truly

Cyrano de Bergerac.

believe, more apt at turning those pretty nothings which yet are everything. . . . Sometimes he is of an absent mood, his muse is wool-gathering, then, suddenly, he will say the most enchanting things!

CYRANO (*incredulous*). Come! . . .

ROXANE. Oh, it is too bad! Men are all alike, narrow, narrow: because he is handsome, he cannot possibly be witty!

CYRANO. So he talks of the heart in acceptable fashion?

ROXANE. Talks, cousin, is feeble. . . . He dissertates!

CYRANO. And writes? . . .

ROXANE. Still better! Listen now to this . . . (*Declaiming.*) “*The more of my heart you steal from me the more heart I have!*” (*Triumphantly to CYRANO.*) Well? . . .

CYRANO. Pooh!

ROXANE. And to this: “*Since you have stolen my heart, and since I must suffer, to suffer with send me your own!*”

CYRANO. Now he has too much heart, now he has not enough, . . . just what does he want, in the matter of quantity?

ROXANE. You vex me! You are eaten up with jealousy. . . .

CYRANO (*starting*). *Hein?*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. Author's jealousy! And this, could anything be more exquisitely tender?
"Unanimously, believe it, my heart cries out to you, and if kisses could be sent in writing, Love, you should read my letter with your lips. . . ."

CYRANO (*in spite of himself smiling with satisfaction*). Ha! Ha! Those particular lines seem to me . . . ho! . . . ho! . . . (*Remembering himself, disdainfully*) . . . puny, pretty . . .

ROXANE. This, then . . .

CYRANO (*delighted*). You know his letters by heart?

ROXANE. All!

CYRANO. It is flattering, one cannot deny.

ROXANE. In this art of expressing love he is a master!

CYRANO (*modest*). Oh, . . . a master!

ROXANE (*peremptory*). A master!

CYRANO. As you please, then . . . a master!

THE DUENNA (*who had gone toward the back, coming quickly forward*). Monsieur de Guiche! (*To CYRANO, pushing him toward the house*). Go in! It is perhaps better that he should not see you here: it might put him on the scent . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE (*to* CYRANO). Yes, of my dear secret! He loves me, he is powerful, . . . he must not find out! He might cut in sunder our loves . . . with an axe!

CYRANO (*going into the house*). Very well, very well.

(*DE GUICHE appears.*)

ROXANE (*to* DE GUICHE, *with a curtsey*). I was leaving the house.

DE GUICHE. I have come to bid you farewell.

ROXANE. You are going away?

DE GUICHE. To war.

ROXANE. Ah!

DE GUICHE. I have my orders. Arras is besieged.

ROXANE. Ah! . . . it is besieged?

DE GUICHE. Yes. . . . I see that my departure does not greatly affect you.

ROXANE. Oh! . . .

DE GUICHE. As for me, I own it wrings my heart. Shall I see you again? . . . When? . . . You know that I am made commander-in-general?

ROXANE (*uninterested*). I congratulate you.

DE GUICHE. Of the Guards.

ROXANE (*starting*). Ah, . . . of the Guards?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

DE GUICHE. Among whom your cousin serves, . . . the man of the boasts and tirades. I shall have opportunity in plenty to retaliate upon him down there.

ROXANE (*suffocating*). What? The Guards are going down there?

DE GUICHE. Surely. It is my regiment.

ROXANE (*falls sitting upon the bench; aside*). Christian!

DE GUICHE. What is it troubles you?

ROXANE (*greatly moved*). This departure . . . grieves me mortally. When one cares for a person . . . to know him away at the war!

DE GUICHE (*surprised and charmed*). For the first time you utter a kind and feeling word, when I am leaving!

ROXANE (*in a different tone, fanning herself*). So . . . you are thinking of revenge upon my cousin?

DE GUICHE (*smiling*). You side with him?

ROXANE. No . . . against him.

DE GUICHE. Do you see much of him?

ROXANE. Very little.

DE GUICHE. He is everywhere to be met with one of the cadets . . . (*trying to remember*) that Neu . . . villen . . . vil-ler . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. A tall man ?

DE GUICHE. Light haired.

ROXANE. Red haired.

DE GUICHE. Good looking.

ROXANE. Pooh !

DE GUICHE. But a fool !

ROXANE. He looks like one. (*In a different tone.*) Your vengeance upon Cyrano is then to place him within reach of shot, which is the thing of all he loves! . . . A miserable vengeance ! . . . I know, I do, what would more seriously concern him !

DE GUICHE. And that is ?

ROXANE. Why . . . that the regiment should march, and leave him behind, with his beloved cadets, arms folded, the whole war through, in Paris ! That is the only way to cast down a man like him. You wish to punish him ? Deprive him of danger.

DE GUICHE. A woman ! A woman ! None but a woman could devise a vengeance of the sort !

ROXANE. His friends will gnaw their fists, and he his very soul, with chagrin at not being under fire ; and you will be abundantly avenged !

DE GUICHE (*coming nearer*). Then you do love me a little ? (*ROXANE smiles.*) I wish

Cyrano de Bergerac.

to see in this fact of your espousing my grudge a proof of affection, Roxane . . .

ROXANE. . . . You may !

DE GUICHE (*showing several folded papers*). I have here upon me the orders to be transmitted at once to each of the companies . . . except . . . (*he takes one from among the others.*) This one ! . . . the company of the cadets . . . (*He puts it in his pocket.*) This, I will keep. (*Laughing.*) Ah, ah, ah ! Cyrano ! his belligerent humor ! . . . So you sometimes play tricks upon people, you ? . . .

ROXANE. Sometimes.

DE GUICHE (*very near her*). I love you to distraction ! This evening . . . listen, . . . it is true that I must be gone. But to go when I feel that it is a matter for your caring ! Listen ! . . . There is, not far from here, in Rue Orléans, a convent founded by the Capucins. Father Athanasius. A layman may not enter. But the good fathers . . . I fear no difficulty with them ! They will hide me up their sleeve . . . their sleeve is wide. They are the Capucins that serve Richelieu at home. Fearing the uncle, they proportionately fear the nephew. I shall be thought to have left. I will come to you masked.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

Let me delay by a single day, wayward
enchantress !

ROXANE. But if it should transpire . . .
your fame . . .

DE GUICHE. Bah !

ROXANE. But . . . the siege . . . Ar-
ras ! . . .

DE GUICHE. Must wait! Allow me, I
beg . . .

ROXANE. No!

DE GUICHE. I beseech !

ROXANE (*tenderly*). No! Love itself
bids me forbid you !

DE GUICHE. Ah !

ROXANE. You must go! (*Aside.*) Chris-
tian will stay! (*Aloud.*) For my sake, be
heroic . . . Antony!

DE GUICHE. Ah, heavenly word upon
your lips! . . . Then you love the one
who . . .

ROXANE. Who shall have made me
tremble for his sake . . .

DE GUICHE (*in a transport of joy*). Ah,
I will go! (*He kisses her hand.*) Are you
satisfied with me ?

ROXANE. My friend, I am.

(*Exit DE GUICHE.*)

THE DUENNA (*dropping a mocking curtesy
toward his back*). My friend, we are'

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE (*to the DUENNA*). Not a word of what I have done: Cyrano would never forgive me for defrauding him of his war! (*She calls toward the house.*) Cousin! (*CYRANO comes out.*) We are going to Clomire's. (*She indicates the house opposite.*) Alcandre has engaged to speak, and so has Lysimon.

THE DUENNA (*putting her little finger to her ear*). Yes, but my little finger tells me that we shall be too late to hear them!

CYRANO (*to ROXANE*). Of all things do not miss the trained monkeys!

(*They have reached Clomire's door.*)

THE DUENNA. See! . . . See! they have muffled the doorknocker! (*To the doorknocker.*) You have been gagged, that your voice should not disturb the beautiful lecture, . . . little brutal disturber! (*She lifts it with infinite care and knocks softly.*)

ROXANE (*seeing the door open*). Come! (*From the threshold to CYRANO.*) If Christian comes, as probably he will, say he must wait!

CYRANO (*hurriedly, as she is about to disappear*). Ah! (*She turns.*) Upon what shall you, according to your custom, question him to-day?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. Upon . . .

CYRANO (*eagerly*). Upon ? . . .

ROXANE. But you will be silent . . .

CYRANO. As that wall!

ROXANE. Upon nothing! I will say :
Forward! Free rein! No curb! Improvise!
Talk of love! Be magnificent!

CYRANO (*smiling*). Good.

ROXANE. Hush!

CYRANO. Hush!

ROXANE. Not a word! (*She goes in and
closes the door.*)

CYRANO (*bowing, when the door is closed*).
A thousand thanks!

(*The door opens again and ROXANE looks
out.*)

ROXANE. He might prepare his
speeches . . .

CYRANO. Ah, no! . . . the devil, no!

BOTH (*together*). Hush! . . .

(*The door closes*).

CYRANO (*calling*). Christian! (*Enter
CHRISTIAN.*) I know all that we need to.
Now make ready your memory. This is
your chance to cover yourself with glory.
Let us lose no time. Do not look sullen,
like that. Quick! Let us go to your lodg-
ings and I will rehearse you . . .

CHRISTIAN. No!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. What?

CHRISTIAN. No, I will await Roxane here.

CYRANO. What insanity possesses you? Come quickly and learn . . .

CHRISTIAN. No, I tell you! I am weary of borrowing my letters, my words . . . of playing a part, and living in constant fear. . . . It was very well at first, but now I feel that she loves me. I thank you heartily. I am no longer afraid. I will speak for myself . . .

CYRANO. *Ouais?* . . .

CHRISTIAN. And what tells you that I shall not know how? I am not such an utter blockhead, after all! You shall see! Your lessons have not been altogether wasted. I can shift to speak without your aid! And, that failing, by Heaven! I shall still know enough to take her in my arms! (*Catching sight of ROXANE who is coming out from Clomire's.*) She is coming! Cyrano, no, do not leave me! . . .

CYRANO (*bowing to him*). I will not meddle, Monsieur.

(*He disappears behind the garden wall.*)

ROXANE (*coming from CLOMIRE'S house with a number of people from whom she is taking leave. Curtseys and farewells.*)

Cyrano de Bergerac.

Barthénoide ! . . . Alcandre ! . . . Grémione ! . . .

THE DUENNA (*comically desperate*). We missed the disquisition upon the Softer Sentiments ! (*She goes into ROXANE'S house.*)

ROXANE (*still taking leave of this one and that*). Urimédonte ! . . . Good-bye !

(*All bow to ROXANE, to one another, separate and go off by the various streets. ROXANE sees CHRISTIAN.*)

ROXANE. You are here ! (*She goes to him.*) Evening is closing round. . . . Wait ! . . . They have all gone. . . . The air is so mild. . . . Not a passer in sight. . . . Let us sit here. . . . Talk ! . . . I will listen.

CHRISTIAN (*sits beside her, on the bench. Silence.*) I love you.

ROXANE (*closing her eyes*). Yes. Talk to me of love.

CHRISTIAN. I love you.

ROXANE. Yes. That is the theme. Play variations upon it.

CHRISTIAN. I love . . .

ROXANE. Variations !

CHRISTIAN. I love you so much . . .

ROXANE. I do not doubt it. What further ? . . .

CHRISTIAN. And further . . . I should

Cyrano de Bergerac.

be so happy if you loved me ! Tell me, Roxane, that you love me . . .

ROXANE (*pouting*). You proffer cider to me when I was hoping for champagne ! . . . Now tell me a little *how* you love me ?

CHRISTIAN. Why . . . very, very much.

ROXANE. Oh ! . . . unravel, disentangle your sentiments !

CHRISTIAN. Your throat ! . . . I want to kiss it ! . . .

ROXANE. Christian !

CHRISTIAN. I love you ! . . .

ROXANE (*attempting to rise*). Again ! . . .

CHRISTIAN (*hastily, holding her back*). No, I do not love you ! . . .

ROXANE (*sitting down again*). That is fortunate !

CHRISTIAN. I adore you !

ROXANE (*rising and moving away*). Oh ! . . .

CHRISTIAN. Yes, . . . love makes me into a fool !

ROXANE (*drily*). And I am displeased at it ! as I should be displeased at your no longer being handsome.

CHRISTIAN. But . . .

ROXANE. Go, and rally your routed eloquence !

CHRISTIAN. I . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. You love me. I have heard it. Good-evening. (*She goes toward the house.*)

CHRISTIAN. No, no, not yet ! . . . I wish to tell you. . .

ROXANE (*pushing open the door to go in*). That you adore me. Yes, I know. No ! No ! Go away ! . . . Go ! . . . Go ! . . .

CHRISTIAN. But I . . .

(*She closes the door in his face.*)

CYRANO (*who has been on the scene a moment, unnoticed*). Unmistakably a success.

CHRISTIAN. Help me !

CYRANO. No, sir, no.

CHRISTIAN. I will go kill myself if I am not taken back into favor at once . . . at once !

CYRANO. And how can I . . . how, the devil ? . . . make you learn on the spot . . .

CHRISTIAN (*seizing him by the arm*). Oh, there ! . . . Look ! . . . See !

(*Light has appeared in the balcony window.*)

CYRANO (*with emotion*). Her window !

CHRISTIAN. Oh, I shall die !

CYRANO. Not so loud !

CHRISTIAN (*in a whisper*). I shall die !

CYRANO. It is a dark night. . . .

CHRISTIAN. Well ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. All may be mended. But you do not deserve. . . . There ! stand there, miserable boy ! . . . in front of the balcony ! I will stand under it and prompt you

CHRISTIAN. But . . .

CYRANO. Do as I bid you !

THE PAGES (*reappearing at the back, to CYRANO*). Hey !

CYRANO. Hush ! (*He signs to them to lower their voices.*)

FIRST PAGE (*in a lower voice*). We have finished serenading Montfleury !

CYRANO (*low, quickly*). Go and stand out of sight. One at this street corner, the other at that ; and if any one comes near, play ! . . .

SECOND PAGE. What sort of tune, Monsieur the Gassendist ?

CYRANO. Merry if it be a woman, mournful if it be a man. (*The pages disappear, one at each street corner. To*

CHRISTIAN.) Call her !

CHRISTIAN. Roxane !

CYRANO (*picking up pebbles and throwing them at the window-pane*). Wait ! A few pebbles . . .

ROXANE (*opening the window*). Who is calling me ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CHRISTIAN. It is I . . .

ROXANE. Who is . . . I?

CHRISTIAN. Christian!

ROXANE (*disdainfully*). Oh, you!

CHRISTIAN. I wish to speak with you.

CYRANO (*under the balcony, to CHRISTIAN*). Speak low! . . .

ROXANE. No, your conversation is too common. You may go home!

CHRISTIAN. In mercy! . . .

ROXANE. No . . . you do not love me any more!

CHRISTIAN (*whom CYRANO is prompting*). You accuse me . . . just Heaven! of loving you no more. . . . when I can love you no more!

ROXANE (*who was about to close her window, stopping*). Ah, that is a little better!

CHRISTIAN (*same business*). To what a . . . size has Love grown in my . . . sigh-rocked soul which the . . . cruel cherub has chosen for his cradle!

ROXANE (*stepping nearer to the edge of the balcony*). That is distinctly better! . . . But, since he is so cruel, this Cupid, you were unwise not to smother him in his cradle!

CHRISTIAN (*same business*). I tried to, but, Madame, the . . . attempt was futile.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

This . . . new-born Love is . . . a little Hercules . . .

ROXANE. Much, much better!

CHRISTIAN (*same business*). . . . Who found it interest baby-play to . . . strangle the serpents . . . twain, Pride and . . . Mistrust.

ROXANE (*leaning her elbows on the balcony-rail*). Ah, that is very good indeed! . . . But why do you speak so slowly and stintedly? Has your imagination gout in its wings?

CYRANO (*drawing CHRISTIAN under the balcony, and taking his place*). Hush! It is becoming too difficult!

ROXANE. To-night your words come falteringly. . . . Why is it?

CYRANO (*talking low like CHRISTIAN*). Because of the dark. They have to grope to find your ear.

ROXANE. My words do not find the same difficulty.

CYRANO. They reach their point at once? Of course they do! That is because I catch them with my heart. My heart, you see, is very large, your ear particularly small. . . . Besides, your words drop . . . that goes quickly; mine have to climb . . . and that takes longer!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. They have been climbing more nimbly, however, in the last few minutes.

CYRANO. They are becoming used to this gymnastic feat!

ROXANE. It is true that I am talking with you from a very mountain top!

CYRANO. It is sure that a hard word dropped from such a height upon my heart would shatter it!

ROXANE (*with the motion of leaving*). I will come down.

CYRANO (*quickly*). Do not!

ROXANE (*pointing at the bench at the foot of the balcony*). Then do you get up on the seat! . . .

CYRANO (*drawing away in terror*). No!

ROXANE. How do you mean . . . no?

CYRANO (*with ever-increasing emotion*). Let us profit a little by this chance of talking softly together without seeing each other . . .

ROXANE. Without seeing each other? . . .

CYRANO. Yes, to my mind, delectable! Each guesses at the other, and no more. You discern but the trailing blackness of a mantle, and I a dawn-grey glimmer which is a summer gown. I am a shadow merely, a pearly phantom are you! You can

Cyrano de Bergerac.

never know what these moments are to me ! If ever I was eloquent . . .

ROXANE. You were !

CYRANO. My words never till now surged from my very heart . . .

ROXANE. And why ?

CYRANO. Because, till now, they must strain to reach you through . . .

ROXANE. What ?

CYRANO. Why, the bewildering emotion a man feels who sees you, and whom you look upon ! . . . But this evening, it seems to me that I am speaking to you for the first time !

ROXANE. It is true that your voice is altogether different.

CYRANO (*coming nearer, feverishly*). Yes, altogether different, because, protected by the dark, I dare at last to be myself. I dare . . . (*He stops, and distractedly.*)

What was I saying ? . . . I do not know. . . . All this . . . forgive my incoherence ! . . . is so delicious . . . is so new to me !

ROXANE. So new ? . . .

CYRANO (*in extreme confusion, still trying to mend his expressions*). So new . . . yes, new, to be sincere ; the fear of being mocked always constrains my heart . . .

ROXANE. Mocked . . . for what ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. Why, . . . for its impulses, its flights! . . . Yes, my heart always cowers behind the defence of my wit. I set forth to capture a star . . . and then, for dread of laughter, I stop and pick a flower . . . of rhetoric!

ROXANE. That sort of flower has its pleasing points . . .

CYRANO. But yet, to-night, let us scorn it!

ROXANE. Never before had you spoken as you are speaking! . . .

CYRANO. Ah, if far from Cupid-darts and quivers, we might seek a place of somewhat fresher things! If instead of drinking, flat sip by sip, from a chiselled golden thimble, drops distilled and dulcified, we might try the sensation of quenching the thirst of our souls by stooping to the level of the great river, and setting our lips to the stream!

ROXANE. But yet, wit . . . fancy . . . delicate conceits. . . .

CYRANO. I gave my fancy leave to frame conceits, before, to make you linger. . . . but now it would be an affront to this balm-breathing night, to Nature and the hour, to talk like characters in a pastoral performed at Court! . . . Let us give

Cyrano de Bergerac.

Heaven leave, looking at us with all its earnest stars, to strip us of disguise and artifice : I fear, . . . oh, fear ! . . . lest in our mistaken alchemy sentiment should be subtilized to evaporation ; lest the life of the heart should waste in these empty pastimes, and the final refinement of the fine be the undoing of the refined !

ROXANE. But yet, wit, . . . aptness, . . . ingenuity . . .

CYRANO. I hate them in love ! Criminal, when one loves, to prolong overmuch that paltry thrust and parry ! The moment, however, comes inevitably,—and I pity those for whom it never comes !—in which, we apprehending the noble depth of the love we harbor, a shallow word hurts us to utter !

ROXANE. If . . . if, then, that moment has come for us two, what words will you say to me ?

CYRANO. All those, all those, all those that come to me ! Not in formal nosegay order, . . . I will throw them you in a wild sheaf ! I love you, choke with love, I love you, dear. . . . My brain reels, I can bear no more, it is too much. . . . Your name is in my heart the golden clapper in a bell ; and as I know no rest, Roxane,

Cyrano de Bergerac.

always the heart is shaken, and ever rings your name ! . . . Of you, I remember all, all have I loved ! Last year, one day, the twelfth of May, in going out at morning you changed the fashion of your hair. . . . I have taken the light of your hair for my light, and as having stared too long at the sun, on everything one sees a scarlet wheel, on everything when I come from my chosen light, my dazzled eye sets swimming golden blots ! . . .

ROXANE (*in a voice unsteady with emotion*). Yes . . . this is love . . .

CYRANO. Ah, verily ! The feeling which invades me, terrible and jealous, is love . . . with all its mournful frenzy ! It is love, yet self-forgetting more than the wont of love ! Ah, for your happiness now readily would I give mine, though you should never know it, might I but, from a distance, sometimes, hear the happy laughter bought by my sacrifice ! Every glance of yours breeds in me new strength, new valor ! Are you beginning to understand ? Tell me, do you grasp my love's measure ? Does some little part of my soul make itself felt of you there in the darkness ? . . . Oh, what is happening to me this evening is too sweet, too deeply dear !

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I tell you all these things, and you listen to me, you! Not in my least modest hoping did I ever hope so much! I have now only to die! It is because of words of mine that she is trembling among the dusky branches! For you are trembling, like a flower among leaves! Yes, you tremble, . . . for whether you will or no, I have felt the worshipped trembling of your hand all along this thrilled and blissful jasmibough! (*He madly kisses the end of a pendant bough.*)

ROXANE. Yes, I tremble . . . and weep . . . and love you . . . and am yours! . . . For you have carried me away . . . away! . . .

CYRANO. Then, let death come! I have moved you, I! . . . There is but one thing more I ask . . .

CHRISTIAN (*under the balcony*). A kiss!

ROXANE (*drawing hastily back*). What?

CYRANO. Oh!

ROXANE. You ask? . . .

CYRANO. Yes . . . I . . . (*To CHRISTIAN.*) You are in too great haste!

CHRISTIAN. Since she is so moved, I must take advantage of it!

CYRANO (*to ROXANE*). I . . . Yes, it is true I asked . . . but, merciful heavens!

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. . . I knew at once that I had been too bold.

ROXANE (*a shade disappointed*). You insist no more than so ?

CYRANO. Indeed, I insist . . . without insisting! Yes! yes! but your modesty shrinks! . . . I insist, but yet . . . the kiss I begged . . . refuse it me!

CHRISTIAN (*to CYRANO, pulling at his mantle*). Why ?

CYRANO. Hush, Christian!

ROXANE (*bending over the balcony-rail*). What are you whispering ?

CYRANO. Reproaches to myself for having gone too far; I was saying "Hush, Christian!" (*The theorbos are heard playing*). Your pardon! . . . a second! . . . Someone is coming!

(*ROXANE closes the window. CYRANO listens to the theorbos, one of which plays a lively, and the other a lugubrious tune*).

CYRANO. A dance ? . . . A dirge ? . . . What do they mean? Is it a man or a woman ? . . . Ah, it is a monk!

(*Enter a CAPUCIN MONK who goes from house to house, with a lantern, examining the doors*).

CYRANO (*to THE CAPUCIN*). What are you looking for, Diogenes ?

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THE CAPUCIN. I am looking for the house of Madame . . .

CHRISTIAN. He is in the way!

THE CAPUCIN. Magdeleine Robin . . .

CYRANO (*pointing up one of the streets*).
his way! . . . Straight ahead . . . go straight ahead . . .

THE CAPUCIN. I thank you. I will say ten Aves for your peace. (*Exit.*)

CYRANO. My good wishes speed your cowl! (*He comes forward toward CHRISTIAN.*)

CHRISTIAN. Insist upon the kiss! . . .

CYRANO. No, I will not!

CHRISTIAN. Sooner or later . . .

CYRANO. It is true! It must come, the moment of inebriation when your lips shall imperiously be impelled toward each other, because the one is fledged with youthful gold and the other is so soft a pink! . . . (*To himself.*) I had rather it should be because . . . (*Sound of the window reopening; CHRISTIAN hides under the balcony.*)

ROXANE (*stepping forward on the balcony*). Are you there? We were speaking of . . . of . . . of a . . .

CYRANO. Kiss. The word is sweet. Why does your fair lip stop at it? If the

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mere word burns it, what will be of the thing itself? Do not make it into a fearful matter, and then fear! Did you not a moment ago insensibly leave playfulness behind and slip without trepidation from a smile to a sigh, from a sigh to a tear? Slip but a little further in the same blessed direction: from a tear to a kiss there is scarcely a dividing shiver!

ROXANE. Say no more!

CYRANO. A kiss! When all is said, what is a kiss? An oath of allegiance taken in closer proximity, a promise more precise, a seal on a confession, a rose-red dot upon the letter i in loving; a secret which elects the mouth for ear; an instant of eternity murmuring like a bee; balmy communion with a flavor of flowers; a fashion of inhaling each other's heart, and of tasting, on the brink of the lips, each other's soul!

ROXANE. Say no more . . . no more!

CYRANO. A kiss, Madame, is a thing so noble that the Queen of France, on the most fortunate of lords, bestowed one, did the queen herself!

ROXANE. If that be so . . .

CYRANO (*with increasing fervor*). Like Buckingham I have suffered in long silence,

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like him I worship a queen, like him I am sorrowful and unchanging . . .

ROXANE. Like him you enthrall through the eyes the heart that follows you !

CYRANO (*to himself, sobered*). True, I am handsome . . . I had forgotten !

ROXANE. Come then and gather it, the supreme flower . . .

CYRANO (*pushing CHRISTIAN toward the balcony*). Go!

ROXANE. . . . tasting of the heart.

CYRANO. Go ! . . .

ROXANE. . . . murmuring like a bee . . .

CYRANO. Go!

CHRISTIAN (*hesitating*). But now I feel as if I ought not!

ROXANE. . . . making Eternity an instant . . .

CYRANO (*pushing CHRISTIAN*). Scale the balcony, you donkey !

(CHRISTIAN *springs toward the balcony, and climbs by means of the bench, the vine, the posts and balusters*).

CHRISTIAN. Ah, Roxane! (*He clasps her to him, and bends over her lips*).

CYRANO. Ha! . . . What a turn of the screw to my heart! . . . Kiss, banquet of Love at which I am Lazarus, a crumb drops from your table even to me, here in

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the shade. . . . Yes, in my outstretched heart a little falls, as I feel that upon the lip pressing her lip Roxane kisses the words spoken by me! . . . (*The choros are heard.*) A merry tune . . . a mournful one . . . The monk! (*He goes through the pretence of arriving on the spot at a run, as if from a distance; calling.*) Ho, there!

ROXANE. What is it?

CYRANO. It is I. I was passing this way. Is Christian there?

CHRISTIAN (*astonished*). Cyrano!

ROXANE. Good-evening, cousin!

CYRANO. Cousin, good-evening!

ROXANE. I will come down.

(*ROXANE disappears in the house. THE CAPUCIN re-enters at the back.*)

CHRISTIAN (*seeing him*). Oh, again! (*He follows ROXANE.*)

THE CAPUCIN. It is here she lives, I am certain. . . . Magdeleine Robin.

CYRANO. You said Ro-lin.

THE CAPUCIN. No, bin, . . . b, i, n, bin!

ROXANE (*appearing upon the threshold, followed by RAGUENEAU carrying a lantern and CHRISTIAN.*) What is it?

THE CAPUCIN. A letter.

CHRISTIAN. What?

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THE CAPUCIN (*to* ROXANE). Oh, the contents can be only of a sacred character ! It is from a worthy nobleman who . . .

ROXANE (*to* CHRISTIAN). It is from De Guiche !

CHRISTIAN. He dares to . . . ?

ROXANE. Oh, he will not trouble me much longer ! (*Opening the letter.*) I love you, and if . . . (*By the light of RAGUE-NEAU'S lantern she reads, aside, low.*)

Mademoiselle: The drums are beating. My regiment is buckling on its corselet. It is about to leave. I am thought to have left already, but lag behind. I am disobeying you. I am in the convent here. I am coming to you, and send you word by a friar, silly as a sheep, who has no suspicion of the import of this letter. You smiled too sweetly upon me an hour ago : I must see you smile again. Provide to be alone, and deign graciously to receive the audacious worshipper, forgiven already, I can but hope, who signs himself your—etc. . . .

(*To* THE CAPUCIN.) Father, this is what the letter tells me . . . Listen : (*All draw nearer ; she reads aloud.*) Mademoiselle : The wishes of the cardinal may not be disregarded, however hard compliance with them prove. I have therefore chosen as

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bearer of this letter a most reverend, holy, and sagacious Capucin; it is our wish that he should at once, in your own dwelling, pronounce the nuptial blessing over you. Christian must secretly become your husband. I send him to you. You dislike him. Bow to Heaven's will in resignation, and be sure that it will bless your zeal, and sure, likewise, Mademoiselle, of the respect of him who is and will be ever your most humble and . . . etc.

THE CAPUCIN (*beaming*). The worthy gentleman! . . . I knew it! You remember that I said so: The contents of that letter can be only of a sacred character!

ROXANE (*low, to CHRISTIAN*). I am a fluent reader, am I not?

CHRISTIAN. Hm!

ROXANE (*with feigned despair*). Ah . . . it is horrible!

THE CAPUCIN (*who has turned the light of his lantern upon CYRANO*). You are the one?

CHRISTIAN. No, I am.

THE CAPUCIN (*turning the light upon him, and as if his good looks aroused suspicion*). But . . .

ROXANE (*quickly*). Postscript: You

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will bestow upon the convent two hundred and fifty crowns.

THE CAPUCIN. The worthy, worthy gentleman! (*To ROXANE.*) Be reconciled!

ROXANE (*with the expression of a martyr*). I will endeavor! (*While RAGUENEAU opens the door for THE CAPUCIN, whom CHRISTIAN is showing into the house, ROXANE says low to CYRANO.*) De Guiche is coming! . . . Keep him here! Do not let him enter until . . .

CYRANO. I understand! (*To THE CAPUCIN.*) How long will it take to marry them?

THE CAPUCIN. A quarter of an hour.

CYRANO (*pushing all toward the house*). Go in! I shall be here!

ROXANE (*to CHRISTIAN*). Come!
(*They go in.*)

CYRANO. How can I detain De Guiche for a quarter of an hour? (*He jumps upon the bench, climbs the wall toward the balcony rail.*) So! . . . I climb up here! . . . I know what I will do! . . . (*The theorbos play a melancholy tune.*) Ho, it is a man! (*The tune quavers lugubriously.*) Ho, ho, this time there is no mistake! (*He is on the balcony; he pulls the brim of his hat over his eyes, takes off his sword, wraps*

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his cloak about him, and bends over the balcony-rail.) No, it is not too far! (*He climbs over the balcony rail, and reaching for a long bough that projects beyond the garden wall, holds on to it with both hands, ready to let himself drop.*) I shall make a slight commotion in the atmosphere!

DE GUICHE (*enters masked, groping in the dark*). What can that thrice-damned Capucin be about?

CYRANO. The devil! if he should recognize my voice? (*Letting go with one hand, he makes show of turning a key.*) Cric! crac! (*Solemnly.*) Cyrano, resume the accent of Bergerac!

DE GUICHE (*looking at ROXANE'S house*). Yes, that is it. I can scarcely see. This mask bothers my eyes! (*He is about to enter ROXANE'S house; CYRANO swings from the balcony, holding on to the bough, which bends and lets him down between the door and DE GUICHE. He intentionally drops very heavily, to give the effect of dropping from a great height, and lies flattened upon the ground, motionless, as if stunned.*)

DE GUICHE. What is it? (*When he looks up, the bough has swung into place.*

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he sees nothing but the sky). Where did this man drop from ?

CYRANO (*rising to a sitting posture*).
From the moon !

DE GUICHE. From the . . . ?

CYRANO (*in a dreamy voice*). What time is it ?

DE GUICHE. Has he gone mad ?

CYRANO. What time ? What country ?
What day ? What season ?

DE GUICHE. But . . .

CYRANO. I am dazed !

DE GUICHE. Monsieur . . .

CYRANO. I have dropped from the moon like a bomb !

DE GUICHE (*impatiently*). What are you babbling about ?

CYRANO (*rising, in a terrible voice*). I tell you I have dropped from the moon !

DE GUICHE (*backing a step*). Very well. You have dropped from the moon ! . . .

He is perhaps a lunatic !

CYRANO (*walking up close to him*). Not metaphorically, mind that !

DE GUICHE. But . . .

CYRANO. A hundred years ago, or else a minute,—for I have no conception how long I have been falling,—I was up there, in that saffron-colored ball !

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DE GUICHE (*shrugging his shoulders*).
You were. Now, let me pass!

CYRANO (*standing in his way*). Where
am I? Be frank with me! Keep nothing
from me! In what region, among what
people, have I been shot like an aerolite?

DE GUICHE. I wish to pass!

CYRANO. While falling I could not
choose my way, and have no notion where
I have fallen! Is it upon a moon, or is it
upon an earth, I have been dragged by
my posterior weight?

DE GUICHE. I tell you, sir . . .

CYRANO (*with a scream of terror at which
DE GUICHE starts backward a step*). Great
God! . . . In this country men's faces are
soot-black!

DE GUICHE (*lifting his hand to his face*).
What does he mean?

CYRANO (*still terrified*). Am I in Al-
geria? Are you a native? . . .

DE GUICHE (*who has felt his mask*). Ah,
my mask!

CYRANO (*pretending to be easier*). So I
am in Venice! . . . Or am I in Genoa?

DE GUICHE (*attempting to pass*). A lady
is expecting me!

CYRANO (*completely reassured*). Ah,
then I am in Paris.

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DE GUICHE (*smiling in spite of himself*).
The rogue is not far from amusing!

CYRANO. Ah, you are laughing!

DE GUICHE. I laugh . . . but intend to pass!

CYRANO (*beaming*). To think I should strike Paris! (*Quite at his ease, laughing, brushing himself, bowing.*) I arrived—pray, pardon my appearance!—by the last whirlwind. I am rather unpresentable—Travel, you know! My eyes are still full of star-dust. My spurs are clogged with bristles off a planet. (*Appearing to pick something off his sleeve.*) See, on my sleeve, a comet's hair! (*He makes a feint of blowing it away.*)

DE GUICHE (*beside himself*). Sir . . .

CYRANO (*as DE GUICHE is about to pass, stretching out his leg as if to show something on it, thereby stopping him.*) Embedded in my calf, I have brought back one of the Great Bear's teeth . . . and as, falling too near the Trident, I strained aside to clear one of its prongs, I landed sitting in Libra, . . . yes, one if the scales! . . . and now my weight is registered up there! (*Quickly preventing DE GUICHE from passing, and taking hold of a button on his doublet.*) And if, Monsieur, you should

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take my nose between your fingers and compress it . . . milk would result!

DE GUICHE. What are you saying? Milk? . . .

CYRANO. Of the Milky Way.

DE GUICHE. Go to the devil!

CYRANO. No! I am sent from Heaven, literally. (*Folding his arms.*) Will you believe—I discovered it in passing—that Sirius at night puts on a night-cap? (*Confidentially.*) The lesser Bear is too little yet to bite. . . . (*Laughing.*) I tumbled plump through Lyra, and snapped a string! . . . (*Magnificent.*) But I intend setting all this down in a book, and the golden stars I have brought back caught in my shaggy mantle, when the book is printed, will be seen serving as asterisks!

DE GUICHE. I have stood this long enough! I want . . .

CYRANO. I know perfectly what you want!

DE GUICHE. Man . . .

CYRANO. You want to know, from me, at first hand, what the moon is made of, and whether that monumental pumpkin is inhabited?

DE GUICHE (*shouting*). Not in the very least! I want . . .

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CYRANO. To know how I got there? I got there by a method of my own invention.

DE GUICHE (*discouraged*). He is mad! . . . stark!

CYRANO (*disdainfully*). Do not imagine that I resorted to anything so absurd as Regiomontanus's eagle, or anything so lacking in enterprise as Archytas's pigeon! . . .

DE GUICHE. The madman is erudite . . .

CYRANO. I drew up nothing that had ever been thought of before! (DE GUICHE *has succeeded in getting past CYRANO, and is nearing ROXANE's door; CYRANO follows him, ready to buttonhole him.*) I invented no less than six ways of storming the blue fort of Heaven!

DE GUICHE (*turning around*). Six, did you say?

CYRANO (*voicubly*). One way was to stand naked in the sunshine, in a harness thickly studded with glass phials, each filled with morning dew. The sun in drawing up the dew, you see, could not have helped drawing me up too!

DE GUICHE (*surprised, taking a step toward CYRANO*). True. That is one!

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CYRANO (*taking a step backward, with a view to drawing DE GUICHE away from the door*). Or else, I could have let the wind into a cedar coffer, then rarified the imprisoned element by means of cunningly adjusted burning-glasses, and soared up with it!

DE GUICHE (*taking another step toward CYRANO*). Two!

CYRANO (*backing*). Or else, mechanic as well as artificer, I could have fashioned a giant grasshopper, with steel joints, which, impelled by successive explosions of saltpeter, would have hopped with me to the azure meadows where graze the starry flocks!

DE GUICHE (*unconsciously following CYRANO, and counting on his fingers*). That makes three!

CYRANO. Since smoke by its nature ascends, I could have blown into an appropriate globe a sufficient quantity to ascend with me!

DE GUICHE (*as above, more and more astonished*). Four!

CYRANO. Since Phœbe, the moon-goddess, when she is at wane, is giddy as a beevee! of your marrow, . . . with that marrow have besmeared myself!

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DE GUICHE (*amazed*). Five !

CYRANO (*who while talking has backed, followed by DE GUICHE, to the further side of the square, near a bench*). Or else, I could have placed myself upon an iron plate, have taken a magnet of suitable size, and thrown it in the air ! That way is a very good one ! The magnet flies upward, the iron instantly after ; the magnet no sooner overtaken than you fling it up again. . . . The rest is clear ! You can go upward indefinitely.

DE GUICHE. Six ! . . . But here are six excellent methods ! Which of the six, my dear sir, did you select ?

CYRANO. A seventh !

DE GUICHE. Did you, indeed ? And what was that ?

CYRANO. I give you a hundred guesses !

DE GUICHE. I must confess that I should like to know !

CYRANO (*imitating the noise of the surf, and making great mysterious gestures*). Hoo-ish ! hoo-ish !

DE GUICHE. Well ! What is that ?

CYRANO. Cannot you guess ?

DE GUICHE. No !

CYRANO. The tide ! . . . At the hour in which the moon attracts the deep, I lay

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down upon the sands, after a sea-bath . . . and, my head being drawn up first,—the reason of this, you see, that the hair will hold a quantity of water in its mop!—I rose in the air, straight, beautifully straight, like an angel. I rose . . . I rose softly . . . without an effort . . . when, suddenly, I felt a shock. Then . . .

DE GUICHE (*lured on by curiosity, taking a seat on the bench*). Well, . . . then?

CYRANO. Then . . . (*resuming his natural voice*.) The time is up, Monsieur, and I release you. They are married.

DE GUICHE (*getting to his feet with a leap*). I am dreaming or drunk! That voice? (*The door of ROXANE'S house opens; lackeys appear carrying lighted candelabra. CYRANO removes his hat.*) And that nose! . . . Cyrano!

CYRANO (*bowing*). Cyrano. They have exchanged rings within the quarter of the hour.

DE GUICHE. Who have? (*He turns round. Tableau. Behind the lackey stand ROXANE and CHRISTIAN holding hands. THE CAPUCIN follows them smiling. RAGUENEAU holds high a flambeau. THE DUENNA closes the procession, bewildered, in her*

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bedgown.) Heavens! (*to ROXANE.*) You! (*Recognizing CHRISTIAN with amazement.*) He? (*Bowing to ROXANE.*) Your astuteness compels my admiration! (*To CYRANO.*) My compliments to you, ingenious inventor of flying machines. Your experiences would have beguiled a saint on the threshold of Paradise! Make a note of them. . . . They can be used again, with profit, in a book!

CYRANO (*bowing*). I will confidently follow your advice.

THE CAPUCIN (*to DE GUICHE, pointing at the lovers, and wagging his great white beard with satisfaction*). A beautiful couple, my son, brought together by you!

DE GUICHE (*eyeing him frigidly*). As you say! (*To ROXANE.*) And now proceed, Madame, to take leave of your husband.

ROXANE. What?

DE GUICHE (*to CHRISTIAN*). The regiment is on the point of starting. You are to join it!

ROXANE. To go to war?

DE GUICHE. Of course!

ROXANE. But the cadets are not going!

DE GUICHE. They are! (*Taking out the paper which he had put in his pocket.*) Here is the order. (*To CHRISTIAN.*) I beg

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you will take it to the Captain, baron, yourself.

ROXANE (*throwing herself in CHRISTIAN'S arms*). Christian !

DE GUICHE (*to CYRANO, with a malignant laugh*). The wedding night is somewhat far as yet !

CYRANO (*aside*). He thinks that he is giving me great pain !

CHRISTIAN (*to ROXANE*). Oh, once more, dear ! . . . Once more !

CYRANO. Be reasonable . . . Come ! . . . Enough !

CHRISTIAN (*still clasping ROXANE*). Oh, it is hard to leave her. . . . You cannot know. . .

CYRANO (*trying to draw him away*). I know.

(*Drums are heard in the distance sounding a march.*)

DE GUICHE (*at the back*). The regiment is on its way !

ROXANE (*to CYRANO, while she clings to CHRISTIAN whom he is trying to draw away*). Oh ! . . . I entrust him to your care ! Promise that under no circumstance shall his life be placed in danger !

CYRANO. I will endeavor . . . but obviously cannot promise . . .

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ROXANE (*same business*). Promise that he will be careful of himself!

CYRANO. I will do my best, but . . .

ROXANE (*as above*). That during this terrible siege he shall not take harm from the cold!

CYRANO. I will try, but . . .

ROXANE (*as above*). That he will be true to me!

CYRANO. Of course, but yet, you see . . .

ROXANE (*as above*). That he will write to me often!

CYRANO (*stopping*). Ah, that . . . I promise freely!

(*Curtain.*)

ACT FOURTH.

THE GASCONY CADETS.

The post occupied at the siege of Arras by the company of CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX. At the back, across the whole stage, sloping earthwork. Beyond this is seen a plain stretching to the horizon ; the country is covered with constructions relating to the siege. In the distance, against the sky, the outlines of the walls and roofs of Arras. Tents ; scattered arms ; drums, etc. It is shortly before sunrise. The East is yellow. Sentinels at even intervals. Camp-fires. The GASCONY CADETS lie asleep, rolled in their cloaks. CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX and LE BRET are watching. All are very pale and gaunt. CHRISTIAN lies sleeping among the others, in his military cape, in the foreground, his face lighted by one of the camp-fires. Silence.

LE BRET. It is dreadful !

CARBON. Yes. Nothing left.

LE BRET. Mordious !

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CARBON (*warning him by a gesture to speak lower*). Curse in a whisper! You will wake them! . . . (*To the CADETS.*) Hush! Go to sleep! (*To LE BRET.*) Who sleeps dines.

LE BRET. Who lies awake misses two good things . . . What a situation!

(*A few shots are heard in the distance.*)

CARBON. The devil take their popping! They will wake my young ones! . . . (*To the CADETS who lift their heads.*) Go to sleep!

(*The CADETS lie down again. Other shots are heard, nearer.*)

ONE OF THE CADETS (*stirring.*) The devil! Again?

CARBON. It is nothing. It is Cyrano getting home. (*The heads which had started up, go down again.*)

A SENTINEL (*outside.*) *Ventrebieu!* Who goes there?

CYRANO'S VOICE. Bergerac!

THE SENTINEL (*upon the embankment.*) *Ventrebieu!* Who goes there?

CYRANO (*appearing at the top of the embankment.*) Bergerac, blockhead!

(*He comes down. LE BRET goes to him, uneasy.*)

LE BRET. Ah, thank God!

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CYRANO (*warning him by a sign to wake no one*). Hush !

LE BRET. Wounded ?

CYRANO. Do you not know that it has become a habit with them to miss me ?

LE BRET. To me, it seems a little excessive that you should, every morning, for the sake of taking a letter, risk . . .

CYRANO (*stopping in front of CHRISTIAN*). I promised that he would write often. (*He looks at CHRISTIAN*). He sleeps. He has grown pale. If the poor little girl could know that he is starving. . . . But handsome as ever !

LE BRET. Go at once and sleep.

CYRANO. Le Bret, do not grumble ! Learn this : I nightly cross the Spanish lines at a point where I know beforehand every one will be drunk.

LE BRET. You ought some time to bring us back some victuals !

CYRANO. I must be lightly burdened to flit through ! . . . But I know that there will be events before the evening. The French, unless I am much mistaken, will eat or die.

LE BRET. Oh, tell us !

CYRANO. No, I am not certain . . . You will see !

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CARBON. What a shameful reversal of the order of things, that the besieger should be starved !

LE BRET. Alas! never was more complicated siege than this of Arras : We besiege Arras, and, caught in a trap, are ourselves besieged by the Cardinal-prince of Spain. . .

CYRANO. Someone now ought to come and besiege him.

LE BRET. I am not joking !

CYRANO. Oh, oh !

LE BRET. To think, ungrateful boy, that every day you risk a life precious as yours, solely to carry . . . (CYRANO goes toward one of the tents.) Where are you going ?

CYRANO. I am going to write another. (He lifts the canvas flap, and disappears in the tent.)

(Daybreak has brightened. Rosy flush. The city of Arras at the horizon catches a golden light. The report of a cannon is heard, followed at once by a drum-call, very far away, at the left. Other drums beat, nearer. The drum-calls answer one another, come nearer, come very near, and go off, decreasing, dying in the distance, to-

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ward the right, having made the circuit of the camp. Noise of general awakening. Voices of officers in the distance).

CARBON (*with a sigh*). The reveille. . . Ah, me! . . . (*The CADETS stir in their cloaks, stretch.*) An end to the succulent slumbers! I know but too well what their first word will be!

ONE OF THE CADETS (*sitting up*). I am famished!

OTHER CADET. I believe I am dying!

ALL. Oh! . . .

CARBON. Get up!

THIRD CADET. I cannot go a step!

FOURTH CADET. I have not strength to stir!

FIRST CADET (*looking at himself in a bit of armor.*) My tongue is coated : it must be the weather that is indigestible!

OTHER CADET. Any one who wants them, can have all my titles of nobility for a Chester cheese . . . or part of one!

OTHER CADET. If my stomach does not have something put into it to take up the attention of my gastric juice, I shall retire into my tent before long . . . like Achilles!

OTHER CADET. Yes, they ought to provide us with bread!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CARBON (*going to the tent into which CYRANO has retired; low.*) Cyrano!

OTHER CADETS. We cannot stand this much longer!

CARBON (*as above, at the door of the tent.*) To the rescue, Cyrano! You who succeed so well always in cheering them, come and make them pluck up spirits!

SECOND CADET (*falling upon* FIRST CADET *who is chewing something*). What are you chewing, man?

FIRST CADET. A bit of gun-tow fried in axle-grease. . . . using a burganet as frying pan. The suburbs of Arras are not precisely rich in game. . . .

OTHER CADET (*entering*). I have been hunting!

OTHER CADET (*the same*). I have been fishing!

ALL (*rising and falling upon the newcomers*). What?—what did you catch?—A pheasant?—A carp?—Quick! quick! . . . Let us see!

THE HUNTSMAN. A sparrow!

THE ANGLER. A gudgeon!

ALL (*exasperated*). Enough of this! Let us revolt!

CARBON. To the rescue, Cyrano!
(*It is now broad daylight.*)

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO (*coming out of the tent, tranquil, a pen behind his ear, a book in his hand*).
What is the matter? (*Silence. To FIRST CADET.*) Why do you go off like that, with that slouching gait?

THE CADET. I have something away down in my heels which inconveniences me.

CYRANO. And what is that?

THE CADET. My stomach.

CYRANO. That is where mine is, too.

THE CADET. Then you too must be inconvenienced.

CYRANO. No. The size of the hollow within me merely increases my sense of my size.

SECOND CADET. I happen to have teeth, long ones!

CYRANO. The better will you bite . . . in good time!

THIRD CADET. I reverberate like a drum!

CYRANO. You will be of use . . . to sound the charge!

OTHER CADET. I have a buzzing in my ears!

CYRANO. A mistake. Empty belly, no ears. You hear no buzzing.

OTHER CADET. Ah, a trifling article to eat . . . and a little oil upon it!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO (*taking off the CADET'S morion and placing it in his hand*). That is seasoned.

OTHER CADET. What is there we could devour ?

CYRANO (*tossing him the book he has been holding*). Try the Iliad!

OTHER CADET. The minister, in Paris, makes his four meals a day !

CYRANO. You feel it remiss in him not to send you a bit of partridge ?

THE SAME. Why should he not ? And some wine !

CYRANO. Richelieu, some Burgundy, if you please ?

THE SAME. He might, by one of his capucins!

CYRANO. By his Eminence, perhaps, in sober gray ?

OTHER CADET. No ogre was ever so hungry !

CYRANO. You may have your fill yet of humble-pie!

FIRST CADET (*shrugging his shoulders*). Forever jests! . . . puns! . . . *mots*!

CYRANO. *Le mot* forever, indeed! And I would wish to die, on a fine evening, under a rose-flushed sky, delivering myself of a good *mot* in a good cause! . . . Ah,

Cyrano de Bergerac.

yes, the best were indeed, far from fever-bed and potion, pierced with the only noble weapon, by an adversary worthy of oneself, to fall upon a glorious field, the point of a sword through his heart, the point of a jest on his lips! . . .

ALL (*in a wail*). I am hungry!

CYRANO (*folding his arms*). God ha' mercy! can you think of nothing but eating? . . . Come here, Bertrandou the fifer, once the shepherd! Take from the double case one of your fifes : breathe into it, play to this pack of guzzlers and of gluttons our homely melodies, of haunting rhythm, every note of which appeals like a little sister, through whose every strain are heard strains of beloved voices . . . mild melodies whose slowness brings to mind the slowness of the smoke upcurling from our native hamlet hearths . . . melodies that seem to speak to a man in his native dialect! . . . (*The old fifer sits down and makes ready his fife.*) To-day let the fife, martial unwillingly, be reminded, while your fingers upon its slender stem flutter like birds in a delicate minuet, that before being ebony it was reed ; surprise itself by what you make it sing. . . . let it feel restored to it the soul of its youth, rustic and peaceable! (*The*

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old man begins playing Languedoc tunes). Listen, Gascons! It is no more, beneath his fingers, the shrill fife of the camp, but the soft flute of the woodland! It is no more, between his lips, the whistling note of battle, but the lowly lay of goatherds leading their flocks to feed! . . . Hark! . . .

It sings of the valley, the heath, the forest! . . . of the little shepherd, sunburned under his crimson cap! . . . the green delight of evening on the river! . . . Hark, Gascons all! It sings of Gascony!

(Every head has drooped; all eyes have grown dreamy; tears are furtively brushed away with a sleeve, the hem of a cloak).

CARBON *(to CYRANO, low).* You are making them weep!

CYRANO. With homesickness! . . . a nobler pain than hunger . . . not physical: mental! I am glad the seat of their suffering should have removed . . . that the gripe should now afflict their hearts!

CARBON. But you weaken them, making them weep!

CYRANO *(beckoning to a drummer).* Never fear! The hero in their veins is quickly roused. It is enough to. . . *(He signs to the drummer who begins drumming.)*

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so deadly to deal with as a Gascon who is completely rational !

LE BRET. He is pale!

OTHER CADET. He is hungry, as hungry as any poor devil of us ! But his corslet being freely embellished with gilt studs, his stomach-ache is radiant in the sun !

CYRANO (*eagerly*). Let us not appear to suffer, either ! You, your cards, your pipes, your dice . . . (*All briskly set themselves to playing with cards and dice, on the heads of drums, on stools, on cloaks spread over the ground. They light long tobacco pipes.*) And I will be reading Descartes. . .

(*He walks to and fro, forward and backward, reading a small book which he has taken from his pocket. Tableau. Enter DE GUICHE. Every one appears absorbed and satisfied. DE GUICHE is very pale. He goes toward CARBON.*)

DE GUICHE (*to CARBON*). Ah, good-morning. (*They look at each other attentively. Aside, with satisfaction*). He is pale as plaster.

CARBON (*same business*). His eyes are all that is left of him.

DE GUICHE (*looking at the CADETS*). So here are the wrongheaded rascals ? . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ALL (*starting to their feet and snatching up their arms*). *Hein? . . . What? . . . What is it?*

CYRANO (*smiling*). You see? . . . The sound of the drum was enough! Farewell dreams, regrets, old homestead, love . . . What comes with the fife with the drum may go . . .

ONE OF THE CADETS (*looking off at the back*). Ah! ah! . . . Here comes Monsieur de Guiche!

ALL THE CADETS (*grumbling*). Hoo . . .

CYRANO (*smiling*). Flattering murmur . . .

ONE OF THE CADETS. He bores us! . . .

OTHER CADET. Showing himself off, with his broad point collar on top of his armor! . . .

OTHER CADET. As if lace were worn with steel!

FIRST CADET. Convenient, if you have a boil on your neck to cover . . .

SECOND CADET. There is another courtier for you!

OTHER CADET. His uncle's own nephew!

CARBON. He is a Gascon, nevertheless!

FIRST CADET. Not genuine! . . . Never trust him. For a Gascon, look you, must be something of a madman: nothing is

Cyrano de Bergerac.

Yes, gentlemen, it is reported to me on every side that I am your scoff and derision ; that the cadets, highland nobility, Béarn clodhoppers, Périgord baronets, cannot express sufficient contempt for their colonel ; call me intriguer, courtier, find it irksome to their taste that I should wear, with my cuirass, a collar of Genoese point, and never cease to air their wondering indignation that a man should be a Gascon without being a sagabond ! (*Silence.* *The CADETS continue smoking and playing.* Shall I have you punished by your captain ? . . . I do not like to.

CARBON. Did you otherwise, however, . . . I am free, and punish only . . .

DE GUICHE. Ah ? . . .

CARBON. My company is paid by myself, belongs to me. I obey no orders but such as relate to war.

DE GUICHE. Ah, is it so ? Enough, then. I will treat your taunts with simple scorn. My fashion of deporting myself under fire is well known. You are not unaware of the manner in which yesterday, at Bapaume, I forced back the columns of the Comte de Bucquoi ; gathering my men together to plunge forward like an avalanche, three times I charged him. . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO (*without lifting his nose from his book*). And your white scarf?

DE GUICHE (*surprised and self-satisfied*). You heard of that circumstance? . . . In fact, it happened that as I was wheeling about to collect my men for the third charge, I was caught in a stream of fugitives which bore me onward to the edge of the enemy. I was in danger of being captured and cut off with an arquebuse, when I had the presence of mind to untie and let slip to the ground the white scarf which proclaimed my military grade. Thus was I enabled, undistinguished, to withdraw from among the Spaniards, and thereupon returning with my reinspired men, to defeat them. Well? . . . What do you say to the incident?

(*The CADETS have appeared not to be listening: at this point, however, hands with cards and dice-boxes remain suspended in the air; no pipe-smoke is ejected: all expresses expectation.*)

CYRANO. That never would Henry the Fourth, however great the number of his opponents, have consented to diminish his presence by the size of his white plume.

(*Silent joy. Cards fall, dice rattle, smoke upwreathes.*)

Cyrano de Bergerac.

DE GUICHE. The trick was successful, however !

(*As before, expectation suspends gambling and smoking.*)

CYRANO. Very likely. But one should not resign the honor of being a target. (*Cards, dice, smoke, fall, rattle, and upwreathe, as before, in expression of increasing glee.*) Had I been at hand when you allowed your scarf to drop—the quality of our courage, monsieur, shows different in this,—I would have picked it up and worn it. . . .

DE GUICHE. Ah, yes,—more of your Gascon bragging! . . .

CYRANO. Bragging? . . . Lend me the scarf. I engage to mount, ahead of all, to the assault, wearing it crosswise upon my breast !

DE GUICHE. A Gascon's offer, that too! You know that the scarf was left in the enemy's camp, by the banks of the Scarpe, where bullets since then have hailed . . . whence no one can bring it back !

CYRANO (*taking a white scarf from his pocket and handing it to DE GUICHE*). Here it is.

(*Silence. The CADETS smother their laughter behind cards and in dice-boxes.*)

Cyrano de Bergerac.

DE GUICHE *turns around, looks at them; instantly they become grave; one of them, with an air of unconcern, whistles the tune played earlier by the fifer).*

DE GUICHE (*taking the scarf*). I thank you. I shall be able with this shred of white to make a signal . . . which I was hesitating to make. . . (*He goes to the top of the bank and waves the scarf.*)

ALL. What now? . . . What is this?

THE SENTINEL (*at the top of the bank*). A man . . . over there . . . running off . . .

DE GUICHE (*coming forward again*). It is a supposed Spanish spy. He is very useful to us. The information he carries to the enemy is that which I give him,—so that their decisions are influenced by us.

CYRANO. He is a scoundrel!

DE GUICHE (*coolly tying on his scarf*). He is a convenience. We were saying? . . . Ah, I was about to tell you. Last night, having resolved upon a desperate stroke to obtain supplies, the Marshal secretly set out for Dourlens. The royal sutlers are encamped there. He expects to join them by way of the tilled fields; but, to provide against interference, he took with him troops in such number that, certainly,

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if we were now attacked, the enemy would find easy work. Half of the army is absent from the camp.

CARBON. If the Spaniards knew that, it might be serious. But they do not know.

DE GUICHE. They do. And are going to attack us.

CARBON. Ah !

DE GUICHE. My pretended spy came to warn me of their intention. He said, moreover: I can direct the attack. At what point shall it be ? I will lead them to suppose it the least strong, and they will centre their efforts against it. I answered : Very well. Go from the camp. Look down the line. Let them attack at the point I signal from.

CARBON (*to the CADETS*). Gentlemen, get ready ! (*All get up. Noise of swords and belts being buckled on.*)

DE GUICHE. They will be here in an hour.

FIRST CADET. Oh ! . . . if there is a whole hour ! . . .

(*All sit down again, and go on with their games.*)

DE GUICHE (*to CARBON*). The main object is to gain time. The Marshal is on his way back.

CARBON. And to gain time ?

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DE GUICHE. You will be so obliging as to keep them busy killing you.

CYRANO. Ah, this is your revenge !

DE GUICHE. I will not pretend that if I had been fond of you, I would have thus singled out you and yours ; but, as your bravery is unquestionably beyond that of others, I am serving my King at the same time as my inclination.

CYRANO. Suffer me, monsieur, to express my gratitude.

DE GUICHE. I know that you affect fighting one against a hundred. You will not complain of lacking opportunity. (*He goes toward the back with CARBON.*)

CYRANO (*to the CADETS*). We shall now be able, gentlemen, to add to the Gascon escutcheon, which bears, as it is, six chevrons, or and azure, the chevron that was wanting to complete it,—blood-red !

(*DE GUICHE at the back speaks low with CARBON. Orders are given. All is made ready to repel an attack. CYRANO goes toward CHRISTIAN, who stands motionless, with folded arms.*)

CYRANO (*laying his hand on CHRISTIAN'S shoulder*). Christian ?

CHRISTIAN (*shaking his head*). Roxane !

CYRANO. Ah me !

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CHRISTIAN. I wish I might at least put my whole heart's last blessing in a beautiful letter !

CYRANO. I mistrusted that it would come to-day. . . (*he takes a letter from his doublet*) and I have written your farewells.

CHRISTIAN. Let me see !

CYRANO. You wish to see it ? . . .

CHRISTIAN (*taking the letter*). Yes ! (*He opens the letter, begins to read, stops short.*) Ah ? . . .

CYRANO. What ?

CHRISTIAN. That little round blister ?

CYRANO (*hurriedly taking back the letter, and looking at it with an artless air*). A blister ?

CHRISTIAN. It is a tear !

CYRANO. It looks like one, does it not ? . . . A poet, you see, is sometimes caught in his own snare,—that is what constitutes the interest, the charm ! . . . This letter, you must know, is very touching. In writing it I apparently made myself shed tears.

CHRISTIAN. Shed tears ? . . .

CYRANO. Yes, because . . . well, to die is not terrible at all . . . but never to see her again, . . . never ! . . . that, you know,

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is horrible beyond all thinking. . . . And, things having taken the turn they have, I shall not see her . . . (CHRISTIAN *looks at him*) we shall not see her . . . (*Hastily*) you will not see her. . . .

CHRISTIAN (*snatching the letter from him*).
Give me the letter !

(*Noise in the distance.*)

VOICE OF A SENTINEL. *Ventrebieu*, who goes there ?

(*Shots. Noise of voices, tinkling of bells.*)

CARBON. What is it ?

THE SENTINEL (*on the top of the bank*).
A coach !

(*All run to see.*)

(*Noisy exclamations.*) What ?—In the camp ?—It is driving into the camp !—It comes from the direction of the enemy ! The devil ! Fire upon it !—No ! the coachman is shouting something !—What does he say ?—He shouts : Service of the King !

DE GUICHE. What ? Service of the King ?

(*All come down from the bank and fall into order.*)

CARBON. Hats off, all !

DE GUICHE (*at the corner*). Service of the King ! Stand back, low rabble, and

Cyrano de Bergerac.

give it room to turn around with a handsome sweep !

(The coach comes in at a trot. It is covered with mud and dust. The curtains are drawn. Two lackeys behind. It comes to a standstill.)

CARBON *(shouting)*. Salute !

(Drums roll. All the CADETS uncover.)

DE GUICHE. Let down the steps !

(Two men hurry forward. The coach door opens.)

ROXANE *(stepping from the carriage)*. Good-morning !

(At the sound of a feminine voice, all the men, in the act of bowing low, straighten themselves. Consternation.)

DE GUICHE. Service of the King ! You ?

ROXANE. Of the only King ! . . of Love !

CYRANO. Ah, great God !

CHRISTIAN *(rushing to her)*. You !
Why are you here ?

ROXANE. This siege lasted too long !

CHRISTIAN. Why have you come ?

ROXANE. I will tell you !

CYRANO *(who at the sound of her voice has started, then stood motionless without venturing to look her way)*. God ! . . .
can I trust myself to look at her ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

DE GUICHE. You cannot remain here.

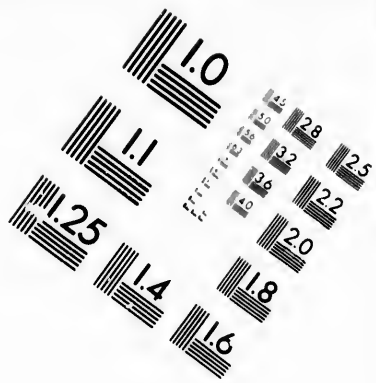
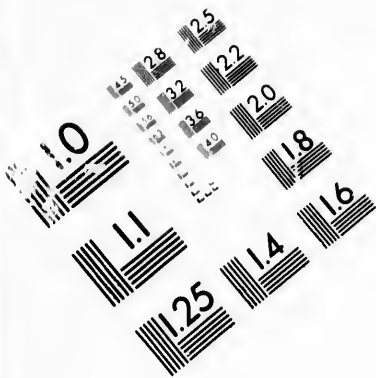
ROXANE. But I can,—I can, indeed! Will you favor me with a drum? (*She seats herself upon a drum brought forward for her.*) There! I thank you! (*She laughs.*) They fired upon my carriage. (*Proudly.*) A parol!—It does look rather as if it were made out of a pumpkin, does it not? like Cinderella's coach! and the footmen made out of rats! *Blowing a kiss to CHRISTIAN.*) How do you do? (*Looking at them all.*) You do not look overjoyed! . . . Arras is a long way from Paris, do you know it? (*Catching sight of CYRANO.*) Cousin, delighted!

CYRANO (*coming toward her*). But how did you . . . ?

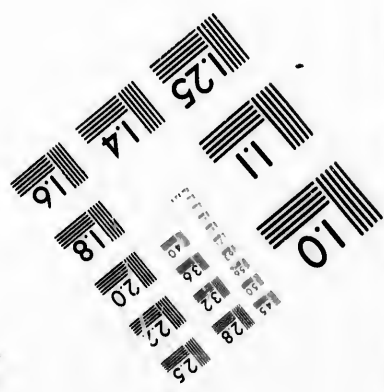
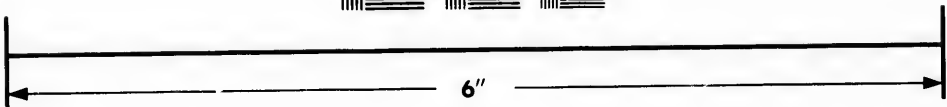
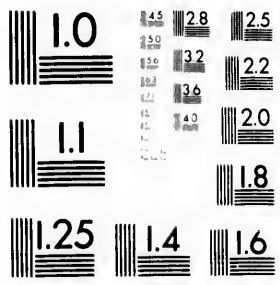
ROXANE. How did I find the army? Dear me, cousin, that was simple: I followed straight along the line of devastation. . . . Ah, I should never have believed in such horrors had I not seen them! Gentlemen, if that is the service of your King, I like mine better!

CYRANO. But this is mad! . . . By what way did you come?

ROXANE. Way? . . . I drove through the Spaniards' camp.



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Cyrano de Bergerac.

FIRST CADET. Ah, what will keep lovely woman from her way !

DE GUICHE. But how did you contrive to get through their lines ?

LE BRET. That must have been difficult . . .

ROXANE. No, not very. I simply drove through them, in my coach, at a trot. If a hidalgo, with arrogant front, showed likely to stop us, I put my face at the window, wearing my sweetest smile, and, those gentlemen being,—let the French not grudge my saying so !—the most gallant in the world, . . . I passed !

CARBON. Such a smile is a passport, certainly ! . . . But you must have been not unfrequently bidden to stand and deliver where you were going ?

ROXANE. Not unfrequently, you are right. Whereupon I would say, "I am going to see my lover !" At once, the fiercest looking Spaniard of them all would gravely close my carriage door ; and, with a gesture the King might emulate, motioned aside the musket-barrels levelled at me ; and, superb at once for grace and haughtiness, bringing his spurs together, and lifting his plumed hat, bow low and saying "Pass, senorita, pass !"

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CHRISTIAN. But, Roxane . . .

ROXANE. I said, "My lover!" yes, forgive me!—You see, if I had said, "My husband!" they would never have let me by!

CHRISTIAN. But . . .

ROXANE. What troubles you?

DE GUICHE. You must leave at once

ROXANE. I?

CYRANO. At once!

LE BRET. As fast as you can.

CHRISTIAN. Yes, you must.

ROXANE. But why?

CHRISTIAN (*embarrassed*). Because . . .

CYRANO (*embarrassed too*). In three quarters of an hour . . .

DE GUICHE (*the same*). Or an hour . . .

CARBON (*the same*). You had much better . . .

LE BRET (*the same*). You might . . .

ROXANE. I shall remain. You are going to fight.

ALL. Oh, no! . . . No!

ROXANE. He is my husband! (*She throws herself in CHRISTIAN'S arms.*) Let me be killed with you!

CHRISTIAN. How your eyes shine!

ROXANE. I will tell you why they shine!

DE GUICHE (*desperately*). It is a post of horrible probabilities!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE (*turning toward him*). What—
of horrible? . . .

CYRANO. In proof of which he appointed
us to it! . . .

ROXANE. Ah, you wish me made a
widow?

DE GUICHE. I swear to you . . .

ROXANE. No! Now I have lost all re-
gard. . . . Now I will surely not go. . . .
Besides, I think it fun!

CYRANO. What? The précieuse con-
tained a heroine?

ROXANE. Monsieur de Bergerac, I am a
cousin of yours!

ONE OF THE CADETS. Never think but
that we will take good care of you!

ROXANE (*more and more excited*). I am
sure you will, my friends!

OTHER CADET. The whole camp smells
of iris!

ROXANE. By good fortune I put on a hat
that will look well in battle! (*Glancing
toward DE GUICHE.*) But perhaps it is
time the Count should go.—The battle
might begin.

DE GUICHE. Ah, it is intolerable!—I am
going to inspect my guns, and coming back
—You still have time: think better of it!

ROXANE. Never!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

(*Exit DE GUICHE*).

CHRISTIAN (*imploring*). Roxane !

ROXANE. No !

FIRST CADET. She is going to stay !

ALL (*hurrying about, pushing one another, snatching things from one another*)

A comb !—Soap !—My jacket is torn, a needle !—A ribbon !—Lend me your pocket-mirror !—My cuffs !—Curling-irons !—A razor !

ROXANE (*to CYRANO, who is still pleading with her*). No ! Nothing shall prevail upon me to stir from this spot !

CARBON (*after having, like the others, tightened his belt, dusted himself, brushed his hat, straightened his feather, pulled down his cuffs, approaches ROXANE, and ceremoniously*). It is, perhaps, proper since you are going to stay, that I should present to you a few of the gentlemen about to have the honor of dying in your presence . . . (*ROXANE bows, and stands waiting, with her arm through CHRISTIAN'S.*)
Baron Peyrescous de Colignac !

THE CADET (*bowing*). Madame !

CARBON (*continuing to present the CADETS*) Baron de Casterac de Cohusac,
—Vidame de Malgouyre Estressac Les-
—as d'Escarabiot,—Chevalier d'Antignac-

Cyrano de Bergerac.

Juzet,—Baron Hillot de Blagnac-Salechan de Castel Crabioules . . .

ROXANE. But how many names have you apiece ?

BARON HILLOT. Innumerable!

CARBON (*to* ROXANE). Open your hand with the handkerchief!

ROXANE (*opens her hand; the handkerchief drops*). Why ?

(*The whole company starts forward to pick it up*).

CARBON (*instantly catching it*). My company had no flag! Now, my word, it will have the prettiest one in the army!

ROXANE (*smiling*). It is rather small!

CARBON (*fastening the handkerchief on the staff of his captain's spear*). But it is lace!

ONE OF THE CADETS (*to the others*). I could die without a murmur, having looked upon that beautiful face, if I had so much as a walnut inside me! . . .

CARBON (*who has overheard, indignantly*). Shame! . . . to talk of food when an exquisite woman . . .

ROXANE. But the air of the camp is searching, and I myself am hungry. Patties, jellied meat, light wine . . . and

Cyrano de Bergerac.

what I should like best! Will you kindly bring me some?

(*Consternation*).

ONE OF THE CADETS. Bring you some?

OTHER CADET. And where, great God, shall we get them?

ROXANE (*quietly*). In my coach.

ALL. What?

ROXANE. But there is much to be done, carving and boning and serving. Look more closely at my coachman, gentlemen, and you will recognize a precious individual: the sauces, if we wish, can be warmed over . . .

THE CADETS (*springing toward the coach*).

It is Ragueneau! (*Cheers*.) Oh! Oh!

ROXANE (*watching them*). Poor fellows!

CYRANO (*kissing her hand*). Kind fairy!

RAGUENEAU (*standing upon the box-seat like a vendor at a public fair*). Gentlemen!

(*Enthusiasm*).

THE CADETS. Bravo! Bravo!

RAGUENEAU. How should the Spaniards, when so much beauty passed, suspect the repast?

(*Applause*).

CYRANO (*low to CHRISTIAN*). Hm! Hm!
Christian!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

RAGUENEAU. Absorbed in gallantry, no heed took they . . . (*he takes a dish from the box-seat*) . . . of galantine !

(*Applause. The galantine is passed from hand to hand.*)

CYRANO (*low to CHRISTIAN*). A word with you. . .

RAGUENEAU. Venus kept their eyes fixed upon herself. while Diana slipped past with the . . . (*he brandishes a joint*) game !

(*Enthusiasm. The joint is seized by twenty hands at once.*)

CYRANO (*low to CHRISTIAN*). I must speak with you.

ROXANE (*to the CADETS who come forward, their arms full of provisions*). Spread it all upon the ground !

(*Assisted by the two imperturbable footmen who were on the back of the coach, she arranges everything on the grass.*)

ROXANE (*to CHRISTIAN whom CYRANO is trying to draw aside*). Make yourself useful, sir !

(*CHRISTIAN comes and helps her. CYRANO gives evidence of uneasiness.*)

RAGUENEAU. A truffled peacock !

FIRST CADET (*radiant, comes forward cutting off a large slice of ham*). Praise the pigs, we shall not go to our last fight

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with nothing in our b . . . (*correcting himself at sight of ROXANE*) hm . . . stomachs!

RAGUENEAU (*flinging the carriage cushions*). The cushions are stuffed with snipe!

(*Tumult. The cushions are ripped open. Laughter. Joy.*)

RAGUENEAU (*flinging bottles of red wine*). Molten ruby (*Bottles of white wine*). Fluid topaz!

ROXANE (*throwing a folded tablecloth to CYRANO*). Unfold the cloth: Hey! . . . be nimble!

RAGUENEAU (*waving one of the coach lanterns*). Each lantern is a little larder!

CYRANO (*low to CHRISTIAN, while together they spread the cloth*). I must speak with you before you speak with her . . .

RAGUENEAU. The handle of my whip, behold, is a sausage!

ROXANE (*pouring wine, dispensing it*). Since we are the ones to be killed, *morbleu*, we will not fret ourselves about the rest of the army! Everything for the Gascons! . . . And if De Guiche comes, nobody must invite him! (*Going from one to the other*). Gently! You have time . . . You must not eat so fast! There, drink. What are you crying about?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

FIRST CADET. It is too good !

ROXANE. Hush ! White wine or red ?—
Bread for Monsieur de Carbon !—A knife !
—Pass your plate !—You prefer crust ?—
—A little more ?—Let me help you.—
Champagne ?—A wing ?—

CYRANO (*following ROXANE, his hands full of dishes, helping her*). I adore her !

ROXANE (*going to CHRISTIAN*). What will you take ?

CHRISTIAN. Nothing !

ROXANE. Oh, but you must take something ! This biscuit—in a little Muscatel, —just a little ?

CHRISTIAN (*trying to keep her from going*). Tell me what made you come ?

ROXANE. I owe myself to those poor fellows Be patient, By and by . . .

LE BRET (*who had gone toward the back to pass a loaf of bread on the end of a pike to the SENTINEL upon the earthwork*). De Guiche !

CYRANO. Presto ! Vanish basket, flagon, platter, and pan ! Hurry ! Let us look as if nothing were ! (*To RAGUENEAU*). Take a flying leap on to your box !—Is everything hidden ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

(*In a wink, all the eatables have been pushed into the tents, or hidden under clothes, cloaks, hats. Enter DE GUICHE, hurriedly; he stops short, sniffing the air. Silence.*)

DE GUICHE. What a good smell!

ONE OF THE CADETS (*singing, with effect of mental abstraction*). To lo lo lo. . . .

DE GUICHE (*stopping and looking at him closely*). What is the matter with you—you, there? You are red as a crab.

THE CADET. I? Nothing . . . It is just my blood. . . . We are going to fight: it tells . . .

OTHER CADET. Poom . . . poom . . .
poom . . .

DE GUICHE (*turning*). What is this?

THE CADET (*slightly intoxicated*). Nothing . . . A song . . . just a little song.

DE GUICHE. You look in good spirits, my boy!

THE CADET. Danger affects me that way!

DE GUICHE (*calling CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX to give an order*). Captain, I . . . (*He stops at sight of his face.*) Peste! You look in good spirits, too.

CARBON (*flushed, holding a bottle behind him; with an evasive gesture*). Oh! . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

DE GUICHE. I had a cannon left over, which I have ordered them to place (*he points in the wing*) there, in that corner, and which your men can use, if necessary . . .

ONE OF THE CADETS (*swaying from one foot to the other*). Charming attention!

OTHER CADET (*smiling sugarily*). Our thanks for your gracious thoughtfulness!

DE GUICHE. Have they gone mad? . . . (*Drily.*) As you are not accustomed to handling a cannon, look out for its kicking . . .

FIRST CADET. Ah, pfft! . . .

DE GUICHE (*going toward him, furious*). But . . .

THE CADET. A cannon knows better than to kick a Gascon!

DE GUICHE (*seizing him by the arm and shaking him*). You are all tipsy: on what?

THE CADET (*magnificently*). The smell of powder!

DE GUICHE (*shrugs his shoulders, pushes aside the CADET, and goes rapidly toward ROXANE*). Quick, Madame! what have you condescended to decide?

ROXANE. I remain.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

DE GUICHE. Retire, I beseech you !

ROXANE. No.

DE GUICHE. If you are determined, then

. . . Let me have a musket !

CARBON. What do you mean ?

DE GUICHE. I, too, will remain.

CYRANO. At last, Monsieur, an instance
of pure and simple bravery !

FIRST CADET. Might you be a Gascon,
lace collar notwithstanding ?

DE GUICHE. I do not leave a woman in
danger.

SECOND CADET (*to FIRST CADET*). Look
here ! I think he might be given some-
thing to eat

(*All the food reappears, as if by magic.*)

DE GUICHE (*his eyes brightening*). Pro-
visions ?

THIRD CADET. Under every waistcoat !

DE GUICHE (*mastering himself, haugh-
tily*). Do you imagine that I will eat your
leavings ?

CYRANO (*bowing*). You are improving !

DE GUICHE (*proudly, falling at the last
of the sentence into a slightly GASCON
accent*). I will fight before I eat !

FIRST CADET (*exultant*). Fight ! Eat !

. . . He spoke with an accent !

DE GUICHE (*laughing*). I did ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

THE CADET. He is one of us !

(All fall to dancing.)

CARBON *(who a moment before disappeared behind the earthworks, reappearing at the top)*. I have placed my pikemen. They are a determined troop . . .

(He points at a line of pikes projecting above the bank).

DE GUICHE *(to ROXANE, bowing)*. Will you accept my hand and pass them in review ?

(She takes his hand ; they go toward the bank. Every one uncovers and follows.)

CHRISTIAN *(going to CYRANO, quickly)*. Speak ! Be quick !

(As ROXANE appears at the top of the bank, the pikes disappear, lowered in a salute, and a cheer goes up ; ROXANE bows.)

PIKEMEN *(outside)*. Vivat !

CHRISTIAN. What did you want to tell me ?

CYRANO. In case Roxane . . .

CHRISTIAN. Well ?

CYRANO. Should speak to you of the letters . . .

CHRISTIAN. Yes, the letters. I know !

CYRANO. Do not commit the blunder of appearing surprised . . .

CHRISTIAN. At what ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. I must tell you! . . . It is quite simple, and merely comes into my mind to-day because I see her. You have . . .

CHRISTIAN. Hurry

CYRANO. You . . . you have written to her oftener than you suppose . . .

CHRISTIAN. Oh, have I?

CYRANO. Yes. It was my business, you see. I had undertaken to interpret your passion, and sometimes I wrote without having told you I should write.

CHRISTIAN. Ah?

CYRANO. It is very simple.

CHRISTIAN. But how did you succeed since we have been so closely surrounded, in . . . ?

CYRANO. Oh, before daybreak I could cross the lines . . .

CHRISTIAN (*folding his arms*). Ah, that is very simple, too? . . . And how many times a week have I been writing? Twice? Three times? Four? . . .

CYRANO. More.

CHRISTIAN. Every day?

CYRANO. Yes, every day . . . twice.

CHRISTIAN (*violently*). And you cared so much about it that you were willing to brave death. . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO (*seeing ROXANE who returns.*)
Be still . . . Not before her (*He goes quickly into his tent.*)

(*CADETS come and go at the back. CARBON and DE GUICHE give orders.*)

ROXANE (*running to CHRISTIAN.*) And now, Christian . . .

CHRISTIAN (*taking her hands.*) And now, you shall tell me why, over these fearful roads, through these ranks of rough soldiery, you risked your dear self to join me?

ROXANE. Because of the letters!

CHRISTIAN. The . . . ? What did you say?

ROXANE. It is through your fault that I have been exposed to such and so many dangers. It is your letters that have gone to my head! Ah, think how many you have written me in a month each one more beautiful . . .

CHRISTIAN. What? . . . Because of a few little love letters . . .

ROXANE. Say nothing! You cannot understand! Listen: The truth is that I took to idolizing you one evening, when, below my window, in a voice I did not know, before your soul began to reveal itself . . . Think then what the effect should be of

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Cyrano de Bergerac.

your letters, which have been like your voice heard constantly for one month, your voice of that evening, so tender, caressing . . . You must bear it as you can, I have come to you ! Prudent Penelope would not have stayed at home with her eternal tapestry, if Ulysses, her lord, had written as you write . . . but, impulsive as Helen, have tossed aside her yarns, and flown to join him !

CHRISTIAN. But . . .

ROXANE. I read them, I re-read them, in reading I grew faint . . . I became your own indeed ! Each fluttering leaf was like a petal of your soul wafted to me . . . In every word of those letters, love is felt as a flame would be felt,—love, compelling, sincere, profound . . .

CHRISTIAN. Ah, sincere, profound ? . . . You say that it can be felt, Roxane ?

ROXANE. He asks me !

CHRISTIAN. And so you came ? . . .

ROXANE. I came, oh Christian, my own, my master !—If I were to kneel at your feet you would lift me, I know. It is my soul therefore which kneels, and never can you lift it from that posture !—I came to implore your pardon—as it is fitting, for we are both perhaps about to die !—your

Cyrano de Bergerac.

pardon for having done you the wrong, at first, in my shallowness, of loving you . . . for mere looking !

CHRISTIAN (*in alarm*). Ah, Roxane! . . .

ROXANE. Later, dear one, grown less shallow—similar to a bird which flutters before it can fly,—your gallant exterior appealing to me still, but your soul appealing equally, I loved you for both! . . .

CHRISTIAN. And now ?

ROXANE. Now at last yourself are vanquished by yourself: I love you for your soul alone . . .

CHRISTIAN (*drawing away*). Ah, Roxane

ROXANE. Rejoice ! For to be loved for that wherewith we are clothed so fleetingly must put a noble heart to torture. . . . Your dear thought at last casts your dear face in shadow : the harmonious lineaments whereby at first you pleased me, I do not see them, now my eyes are open!

CHRISTIAN. Oh !

ROXANE. You question your own triumph ?

CHRISTIAN (*sorrowfully*). Roxane!

ROXANE. I understand, you cannot conceive of such a love in me ?

CHRISTIAN. I do not wish to be loved

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Cyrano de Bergerac.

like that I wish to be loved quite
simply . . .

ROXANE. For that which other women
till now have loved in you? Ah, let your-
self be loved in a better way

CHRISTIAN. No . . . I was happier be-
fore! . . .

ROXANE. Ah, you do not understand!
It is now that I love you most, that I truly
love you. It is that which makes you, you
—can you not grasp it?—that I wor-
ship . . . And did you no longer walk our
earth like a young martial Apollo . . .

CHRISTIAN. Say no more

ROXANE. Still would I love you! . . .
Yes, though a blight should have fallen
upon your face and form . . .

CHRISTIAN. Do not say it!

ROXANE. But I do say it, . . . I do!

CHRISTIAN. What? If I were ugly, dis-
tinctly, offensively?

ROXANE. If you were ugly, dear, I
swear it!

CHRISTIAN. God!

ROXANE. And you are glad, profoundly
glad?

CHRISTIAN (*in a smothered voice*).
Yes . . .

ROXANE. What is it?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CHRISTIAN (*pushing her gently away*).
Nothing. I have a word or two to say
to some one : your leave, for a second . . .

ROXANE. But . . .

CHRISTIAN (*pointing at a group of CADETS
at the back*). In my selfish love, I have
kept you from those poor brothers. . . .
Go, smile on them a little, before they die,
dear . . . go

ROXANE (*moved*). Dear Christian!

(*She goes toward the GASCONS at the
back ; they respectfully gather around
her.*)

CHRISTIAN (*calling toward CYRANO'S
tent*). Cyrano!

CYRANO (*appears, armed for battle*).
What is it ? . . . How pale you are!

CHRISTIAN. She does not love me any
more

CYRANO. What do you mean ?

CHRISTIAN. She loves you.

CYRANO. No

CHRISTIAN. She only loves my soul!

CYRANO. No!

CHRISTIAN. Yes! Therefore it is you
she loves . . . and you love her . . .

CYRANO. I . . .

CHRISTIAN. I know it!

CYRANO. It is true.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CHRISTIAN. To madness!

CYRANO. More.

CHRISTIAN. Tell her then.

CYRANO. No!

CHRISTIAN. Why not?

CYRANO. Look at me!

CHRISTIAN. She would love me grown
ugly.

CYRANO. She told you so?

CHRISTIAN. With the utmost frankness!

CYRANO. Ah! I am glad she should
have told you that! But, believe me, be-
lieve me, place no faith in such a mad as-
severation! Dear God, I am glad such a
thought should have come to her, and that
she should have spoken it,—but believe
me, do not take her at her word: Never
cease to be the handsome fellow you
are She would not forgive me!

CHRISTIAN. That is what I wish to dis-
cover.

CYRANO. No! no!

CHRISTIAN. Let her choose between us!
You shall tell her everything.

CYRANO. No . . . No . . . I refuse the
ordeal!

CHRISTIAN. Shall I stand in the way of
your happiness because my outside is not
not so much amiss?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. And I? shall I destroy yours, because, thanks to the hazard that sets us upon earth, I have the gift of expressing . . . what you perhaps feel?

CHRISTIAN. You shall tell her everything!

CYRANO. He persists in tempting me . . . It is a mistake . . . and cruel!

CHRISTIAN. I am weary of carrying about, in my own self, a rival!

CYRANO. Christian!

CHRISTIAN. Our marriage . . . contracted without witnesses . . . can be annulled . . . if we survive!

CYRANO. He persists! . . .

CHRISTIAN. Yes. I will be loved for my sole self, or not at all!—I am going to see what they are about. Look! I will walk to the end of the line and back . . . Tell her, and let her pronounce between us.

CYRANO. She will pronounce for you.

CHRISTIAN. I can but hope she will!
(calling) Roxane!

CYRANO. No! No!

ROXANE (coming forward). What is it?

CHRISTIAN. Cyrano has something to tell you . . . something important!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

(ROXANE goes hurriedly to CYRANO. Exit CHRISTIAN.)

ROXANE. Something important ?

CYRANO (*distracted*). He is gone ! . . .
(To ROXANE.) Nothing whatever ! He attaches—but you must know him of old ! —he attaches importance to trifles . . .

ROXANE (*quickly*). He did not believe what I told him a moment ago ? . . . I saw that he did not believe . . .

CYRANO (*taking her hand*). But did you in very truth tell him the truth ?

ROXANE. Yes. Yes. I should love him even . . . (*She hesitates a second.*)

CYRANO (*smiling sadly*). You do not like to say it before me ?

ROXANE. But . . .

CYRANO. I shall not mind ! . . . Even if he were ugly ?

ROXANE. Yes . . . Ugly. (*Musket shots outside.*) They are firing !

CYRANO (*ardently*). Dreadfully ugly ?

ROXANE. Dreadfully.

CYRANO. Disfigured ?

ROXANE. Disfigured !

CYRANO. Grotesque ?

ROXANE. Nothing could render him grotesque . . . to me.

CYRANO. You would love him still ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. I believe that I should love him more . . . if that were possible !

CYRANO (*losing his head, aside*). My God, perhaps she means it . . . perhaps it is true . . . and that way is happiness !
(*To ROXANE.*) I . . . Roxane . . . listen !

LE BRET (*comes in hurriedly ; calls softly*). Cyrano !

CYRANO (*turning*). *Hein ?*

LE BRET. Chut ! (*He whispers a few words to CYRANO.*)

CYRANO (*letting ROXANE'S hand drop, with a cry*). Ah ! . . .

ROXANE. What ails you ?

CYRANO (*to himself, in consternation*). It is finished !

(*Musket reports.*)

ROXANE. What is it ? What is happening ? Who is firing ? (*She goes to the back to look off.*)

CYRANO. It is finished. . . . My lips are sealed for evermore !

(*CADETS come in, attempting to conceal something they carry among them ; they surround it, preventing ROXANE from seeing it.*)

ROXANE. What has happened ?

CYRANO (*quickly stopping her as she starts toward them*). Nothing !

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. These men ? . . .

CYRANO (*drawing her away*). Pay no attention to them!

ROXANE. But what were you about to say to me before ?

CYRANO. What was I about to say ? . . . Oh, nothing ! . . . Nothing whatever, I assure you. (*Solemnly.*) I swear that Christian's spirit, that his soul, were . . . (*in terror, correcting himself*) are the greatest that . . .

ROXANE. Were ? . . . (*With a great cry.*) Ah ! . . . (*Turns to the group of CADETS, and thrusts them aside.*)

CYRANO. It is finished !

ROXANE (*seeing CHRISTIAN stretched out in his cloak*). Christian !

LE BRET (*to CYRANO*). At the enemy's first shot !

(*ROXANE throws herself on CHRISTIAN'S body. Musket reports. Clashing of swords. Tramping. Drums.*)

CARBON (*sword in hand*). The attack ! To your muskets ! (*Followed by the CADETS he goes to the further side of the earthworks.*)

ROXANE. Christian !

CARBON'S VOICE (*beyond the earthworks*). Make haste !

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. Christian!

CARBON. Fall into line!

ROXANE. Christian!

CARBON. Measure . . . match!

(RAGUENEAU *has come running in with water in a steel cap.*)

CHRISTIAN (*in a dying voice*). Roxane!

CYRANO (*quick, low in CHRISTIAN'S ear, while ROXANE, distracted, dips into the water a fragment of linen torn from her breast to bind his wound*). I have told her everything! . . . You are still the one she loves!

(CHRISTIAN *closes his eyes.*)

ROXANE. What, dear love?

CARBON. Muzzle . . . high!

ROXANE (*to CYRANO*). He is not dead? . . .

CARBON. Open charge . . . with teeth!

ROXANE. I feel his cheek grow cold against my own!

CARBON. Take aim!

ROXANE. A letter on his breast. . . .
(*She opens it.*) To me!

CYRANO (*aside*). My letter!

CARBON. Fire!

(*Musket shots. Cries. Roar of battle.*)

CYRANO (*trying to free his hand which*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE (*clasps kneeling*). But, Roxane, they are fighting.

ROXANE (*clinging*). No! . . . Stay with me a little! . . . He is dead. You are the only one that truly knew him. . . . (*She cries subduedly.*) Was he not an exquisite being, . . . an exceptional, marvellous being? . . .

CYRANO (*standing bareheaded*). Yes, Roxane.

ROXANE. A poet without his peer, . . . one verily to reverence?

CYRANO. Yes, Roxane.

ROXANE. A sublime spirit?

CYRANO. Yes, Roxane.

ROXANE. A profound heart, such as the profane could never have understood . . . a soul as noble as it was charming? . . .

CYRANO (*firmly*). Yes, Roxane.

ROXANE (*throwing herself on CHRISTIAN'S body*). And he is dead!

CYRANO (*aside, drawing his sword*). And I have now only to die, since, without knowing it, she mourns my death in his!

(*Trumpets in the distance.*)

DE GUICHE (*reappears on the top of the bank, bareheaded, his forehead bloody; in a thundering voice*). The signal they

Cyrano de Bergerac.

promised ! The flourish of trumpets ! . . .
The French are entering the camp with
supplies ! . . Stand fast a little longer !

ROXANE. Upon his letter . . . blood,
. . . tears !

A VOICE (*outside, shouting*). Surrender !

VOICES OF THE CADETS. No !

RAGUENEAU (*who from the top of the
coach is watching the battle beyond the
bank*). The conflict rages hotter ! . . .

CYRANO (*to DE GUICHE pointing at ROX-
ANE*). Take her away ! . . . I am going
to charge.

ROXANE (*kissing the letter, in a dying
voice*). His blood ! . . . his tears !

RAGUENEAU (*leaping from the coach
and running to ROXANE*). She is faint-
ing !

DE GUICHE (*at the top of the bank, to
the CADETS, madly*). Stand fast !

VOICE (*outside*). Surrender !

VOICES OF THE CADETS. No !

CYRANO (*to DE GUICHE*). Your courage
none will question . . . (*Pointing at ROX-
ANE*.) Fly for the sake of saving her !

DE GUICHE (*Runs to ROXANE and lifts
her in his arms*). So be it ! But we shall
win the day if you can hold out a little
longer . . .

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Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. We can. (*To ROXANE, whom DE GUICHE, helped by RAGUENEAU, is carrying off insensible.*) Good-bye, Roxane!

(*Tumult. Cries. CADETS reappear, wounded, and fall upon the stage. CYRANO dashing forward to join the combatants is stopped on the crest of the bank by CARBON covered with blood.*)

CARBON. We are losing ground . . . I have got two halberd wounds . . .

CYRANO (*yelling to the GASCONS*). Steadfast! . . . Never give them an inch! . . . Brave boys! (*To CARBON.*) Fear nothing! I have various deaths to avenge: Christian's and all my hopes! (*They come down. CYRANO brandishes the spear at the head of which ROXANE'S handkerchief is fastened.*) Float free, little cobweb flag, embroidered with her initials! (*He drives the spear-staff into the earth; shouts to the CADETS.*) Fall on them, boys! . . . Crush them! (*To the fifer.*) Fifer, play!

(*The fifer plays. Some of the wounded get to their feet again. Some of the CADETS, coming down the bank, group themselves around CYRANO and the little flag. The coach, filled and covered with*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

men, bristles with muskets and becomes a redoubt.)

ONE OF THE CADETS (*appears upon the top of the bank backing while he fights; he cries*). They are coming up the slope! (*Falls dead.*)

CYRANO. We will welcome them!

(*Above the bank suddenly rises a formidable array of enemies. The great banners of the Imperial Army appear.*)

CYRANO. Fire!

(*General discharge.*)

CRY (*among the hostile ranks.*) Fire!

(*Shots returned. CADETS drop on every side.*)

A SPANISH OFFICER (*taking off his hat*). What are these men, so determined all to be killed?

CYRANO (*declaiming, as he stands in the midst of flying bullets.*)

They are the Gascony Cadets

Of Carbon de Castel Jaloux;

Famed fighters, liars, desperates . . .

(*He leaps forward, followed by a handful of survivors.*)

They are the Gascony Cadets! . . .

(*The rest is lost in the confusion of battle.*)

(*Curtain.*)

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ACT FIFTH.

CYRANO'S GAZETTE.

(Fifteen years later, 1655. The park belonging to the convent of the Sisters of the Cross, in Paris.

Superb shade-trees. At the left, the house; several doors opening on to broad terrace with steps. In the centre of the stage, huge tree standing alone in a clear oval space. At the right, first wing, a semicircular stone seat, surrounded by large box-trees.

All along the back of the stage, an avenue of chestnut-trees, which leads, at the right, fourth wing, to the door of a chapel seen through trees. Through the double row of trees overarching the avenue are seen lawns, other avenues, clumps of trees, the further recesses of the park, the sky.

The chapel opens by a small side-door into a colonnade, overrun by a scarlet creeper; the colonnade comes forward and

Cyrano de Bergerac.

is lost to sight behind the box-trees at the right.

It is Autumn. The leaves are turning, above the still fresh grass. Dark patches of evergreens, box and yew. Under each tree a mat of yellow leaves. Fallen leaves litter the whole stage, crackle underfoot, lie thick on the terrace and the seats.

Between the seat at the right and the tree in the centre, a large embroidery frame, in front of which a small chair. Baskets full of wools, in skeins and balls. On the frame, a piece of tapestry, partly done.

At the rise of the curtain, nuns come and go in the park; a few are seated on the stone seat around an older nun; leaves are falling.)

SISTER MARTHA (to MOTHER MARGARET).
Sister Claire, after putting on her cap went back to the mirror, to see herself again.

MOTHER MARGARET (to SISTER CLAIRE).
It was unbecoming, my child.

SISTER CLAIRE. But Sister Martha, to-day, after finishing her portion, went back to the tart for a plum. I saw her!

MOTHER MARGARET (to SISTER MARTHA).
My child, it was ill done.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

SISTER CLAIRE. I merely glanced! . . .

SISTER MARTHA. The plum was about so big! . . .

MOTHER MARGARET. This evening, when Monsieur Cyrano comes, I will tell him.

SISTER CLAIRE (*alarmed*). No! He will laugh at us!

SISTER MARTHA. He will say that nuns are very vain!

SISTER CLAIRE. And very greedy!

MOTHER MARGARET. And really very good.

SISTER CLAIRE. Mother Margaret, is it not true that he has come here every Saturday in the last ten years?

MOTHER MARGARET. Longer! Ever since his cousin brought among our linen coifs her coif of crape, the worldly symbol of her mourning, which settled like a sable bird amidst our flock of white some fourteen years ago.

SISTER MARTHA. He alone, since she took her abode in our cloister, has art to dispel her never-lessening sorrow.

ALL THE NUNS. He is so droll!--It is merry when he comes!--He teases us!--He is delightful!--We are greatly attached to him!--We are making Angelica paste to offer him!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

SISTER MARTHA. He is not, however, a very good Catholic!

SISTER CLAIRE. We will convert him.

THE NUNS. We will! We will!

MOTHER MARGARET. I forbid your renewing that attempt, my children. Do not trouble him : he might not come so often!

SISTER MARTHA. But . . . God!

MOTHER MARGARET. Set your hearts at rest : God must know him of old !

SISTER MARTHA. But every Saturday, when he comes, he says to me as soon as he sees me, "Sister, I ate meat, yesterday !"

MOTHER MARGARET. Ah, that is what he says ? . . . Well, when he last said it, he had eaten nothing for two days.

SISTER MARTHA. Mother !

MOTHER MARGARET. He is poor.

SISTER MARTHA. Who told you ?

MOTHER MARGARET. Monsieur Le Bret.

SISTER MARTHA. Does no one offer him assistance ?

MOTHER MARGARET. No, he would take offence.

(In one of the avenues at the back, appears ROXANE, in black, wearing a widow's cap and long mourning veil ; DE GUTCHE,

Cyrano de Bergerac.

markedly older, magnificently dressed, walks beside her. They go very slowly.
MOTHER MARGARET *gets up.*)

MOTHER MARGARET. Come, we must go within. Madame Magdeleine is walking in the park with a visitor.

SISTER MARTHA *(low to SISTER CLAIRE.)* Is not that the Marshal-duke de Grammont ?

SISTER CLAIRE *(looking).* I think it is !

SISTER MARTHA. He has not been to see her in many months !

THE NUNS. He is much engaged !—The Court !—The Camp !—

SISTER CLAIRE. Cares of this world !

(Exeunt. DE GUICHE and ROXANE come forward silently, and stop near the embroidery frame. A pause.)

DE GUICHE. And so you live here, uselessly fair, always in mourning ?

ROXANE. Always.

DE GUICHE. As faithful as of old ?

ROXANE. As faithful.

DE GUICHE *(after a time).* Have you forgiven me ?

ROXANE. Since I am here.

(Other silence.)

DE GUICHE. And he was really such a rare being ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. To understand, one must have known him !

DE GUICHE. Ah, one must have known him ! . . . Perhaps I did not know him well enough. And his last letter, still and always, against your heart ?

ROXANE. I wear it on this velvet, as a more holy scapular.

DE GUICHE. Even dead, you love him ?

ROXANE. It seems to me sometimes he is but half dead, that our hearts have not been severed, that his love still wraps me round, no less than ever living !

DE GUICHE (*after another silence*). Does Cyrano come here to see you ?

ROXANE. Yes, often. That faithful friend fulfils by me the office of gazette. His visits are regular. He comes : when the weather is fine, his armchair is brought out under the trees. I wait for him here with my work ; the hour strikes ; on the last stroke, I hear—I do not even turn to see who comes !—his cane upon the steps : he takes his seat ; he rallies me upon my never-ending tapestry ; he tells off the events of the week, and . . . (LE BRET *appears on the steps*) Ah, Le Bret ! (LE BRET *comes down the steps*)! How does your friend ?

Cyrano de Bergerac.

LE BRET. Ill.

THE DUKE. Oh !

ROXANE. He exaggerates ! . . .

LE BRET. All is come to pass as I foretold : neglect ! poverty ! his writings ever breeding him new enemies ! Fraud he attacks in every embodiment : usurpers, pious pretenders, plagiarists, asses in lions' skins . . . all ! He attacks all !

ROXANE. No one, however, but stands in profound respect of his sword. They will never succeed in silencing him.

DE GUICHE (*shaking his head*). Who knows ?

LE BRET. What I fear is not the aggression of man ; what I fear is loneliness and want and winter creeping upon him like stealthy wolves in his miserable attic ; they are the insidious foes that will have him by the throat at last ! . . . Every day he tightens his belt by an eyelet ; his poor great nose is pinched, and turned the sal-low of old ivory ; the worn black serge you see him in is the only coat he has !

DE GUICHE. Ah, there is one who did not succeed ! . . . Nevertheless, do not pity him too much.

LE BRET (*with a bitter smile*). Mar-shal ! . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

DE GUICHE. Do not pity him too much: he signed no bonds with the world; he has lived free in his thought as in his actions.

LE BRET (*as above*). Duke . . .

DE GUICHE (*haughtily*). I know, yes: I have everything, he has nothing. . . . But I should like to shake hands with him. (*Bowing to ROXANE.*) Good-bye.

ROXANE. I will go with you to the door.

(DE GUICHE *bows to LE BRET and goes with ROXANE toward the terrace steps.*)

DE GUICHE (*stopping, while she goes up the steps*). Yes, sometimes I envy him. You see, when a man has succeeded too well in life, he is not unlikely to feel—dear me! without having committed any very serious wrong!—a multitudinous disgust of himself, the sum of which does not constitute a real remorse, but an obscure uneasiness; and a ducal mantle, while it sweeps up the stairs of greatness, may trail in its furry lining a rustling of sere illusions and regrets, as, when you slowly climb toward those doors, your black gown trails the withered leaves.

ROXANE (*ironical*). Are you not unusually pensive? . . .

DE GUICHE. Ah, yes! (*As he is about to leave, abruptly.*) Monsieur Le Bret!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

(*To ROXANE.*) Will you allow me? A word. (*He goes to LE BRET, and lowering his voice.*) It is true that no one will dare overtly to attack your friend, but many have him in particular disrelish; and some one was saying to me yesterday, at the Queen's, "It seems not unlikely that this Cyrano will meet with an accident."

LE BRET. Ah? . . .

DE GUICHE. Yes. Let him keep indoors. Let him be cautious.

LE BRET (*lifting his arms toward Heaven*). Cautious! . . . He is coming here. I will warn him. Warn him! . . . Yes, but . . .

ROXANE (*who has been standing at the head of the steps, to a nun who comes toward her*). What is it?

THE NUN. Ragueneau begs to see you, Madame.

ROXANE. Let him come in. (*To DE GUICHE and LE BRET.*) He comes to plead distress. Having determined one day to be an author, he became in turn precen-

tor . . .

LE BRET. Bath-house keeper . . .

ROXANE. Actor . . .

LE BRET. Beadle . . .

ROXANE. Barber . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

LE BRET. Arch-lute teacher . . .

ROXANE. I wonder what he is now!

RAGUENEAU (*entering precipitately*).
Ah, Madame! (*He sees LE BRET.*) Monsieur!

ROXANE (*smiling*). Begin telling your misfortunes to Le Bret. I am coming back.

RAGUENEAU. But, Madame . . .

(*ROXANE leaves without listening, with the DUKE. RAGUENEAU goes to LE BRET.*)

RAGUENEAU. It is better so. Since you are here, I had liefer not tell her! Less than half an hour ago, I was going to see your friend. I was not thirty feet from his door, when I saw him come out. I hurried to catch up with him. He was about to turn the corner. I started to run, when from a window below which he was passing—was it pure mischance? It may have been!—a lackey drops a block of wood . . .

LE BRET. Ah, the cowards! . . .
Cyrano!

RAGUENEAU. I reach the spot, and find him . . .

LE BRET. Horrible!

RAGUENEAU. Our friend, Monsieur, our poet, stretched upon the ground, with a great hole in his head!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

LE BRET. He is dead ?

RAGUENEAU. No, but . . . God have mercy ! I carried him to his lodging . . . Ah, his lodging ! You should see that lodging of his !

LE BRET. Is he in pain ?

RAGUENEAU. No, Monsieur, he is unconscious.

LE BRET. Has a doctor seen him ?

RAGUENEAU. One came . . . out of good nature.

LE BRET. My poor, poor Cyrano ! . . . We must not tell Roxane outright. And the doctor ? . . .

RAGUENEAU. He talked . . . I hardly grasped . . . of fever . . . cerebral inflammation ! Ah, if you should see him, with his head done up in cloths ! . . . Let us hurry . . . No one is there to tend him . . . And he might die if he attempted to get up !

LE BRET (*dragging RAGUENEAU off at the right*). This way. Come, it is shorter through the chapel.

ROXANE (*appearing at the head of the steps, catching sight of LE BRET hurrying off through the colonnade which leads to the chapel side-door*). Monsieur Le Bret ! (LE BRET and RAGUENEAU make their escape)

Cyrano de Bergerac.

without answering.) Le Bret not turning back when he is called? . . . Poor Ragueveau must be in some new trouble! (*She comes down the steps.*) How beautiful . . . how beautiful, this golden-hazy waning day of September at its wane! My sorrowful mood, which the exuberant gladness of April offends, Autumn, the dreamy and subdued, lures on to smile . . . (*She sits down at her embroidery frame. Two NUNS come from the house bringing a large armchair which they place under the tree.*) Ah, here comes the classic armchair in which my old friend always sits!

SISTER MARTHA. The best in the convent parlor!

ROXANE. I thank you, sister. (*The nuns withdraw.*) He will be here in a moment. (*She adjusts the embroidery frame before her.*) There! The clock is striking . . . My wools! . . . The clock has struck? . . . I wonder at this! . . . Is it possible that for the first time he is late? . . . It must be that the sister who keeps the door . . . my thimble? ah, here it is! . . . is detaining him to exhort him to repentance . . . (*A pause.*) She exhorts him at some length! . . . He cannot be much longer . . . A withered leaf! (*She brushes*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

away the dead leaf which has dropped on the embroidery.) Surely nothing could keep . . . My scissors ? . . . in my work-bag ! . . . could keep him from coming !

A NUN (*appearing at the head of the steps*). Monsieur de Bergerac !

ROXANE (*without turning round.*) What was I saying ? . . . (*She begins to embroider.* CYRANO *appears, exceedingly pale, his hat drawn down over his eyes. The NUN who has shown him into the garden, withdraws. He comes down the steps very slowly, with evident difficulty to keep on his feet, leaning heavily on his cane. ROXANE proceeds with her sewing.*) Ah, these dull soft shades ! . . . How shall I match them ? (*To CYRANO, in a tone of friendly chiding.*) After fourteen years, for the first time you are late !

CYRANO (*who has reached the armchair and seated himself, in a jolly voice which contrasts with his face.*) Yes, it seems incredible ! I am savage at it. I was detained, spite of all I could do . . .

ROXANE. By ? . . .

CYRANO. A somewhat inopportune call.

ROXANE (*absent-minded, sewing*). Ah, yes . . . some troublesome fellow !

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. Cousin, it was a troublesome Madam.

ROXANE. You excused yourself ?

CYRANO. Yes. I said, "Your pardon, but this is Saturday, on which day I am due in certain dwelling. On no account do I ever fail. Come back in an hour !"

ROXANE (*lightly*). Well, she will have to wait some time to see you. I shall not let you go before evening.

CYRANO. Perhaps . . . I shall have to go a little earlier. (*He closes his eyes and is silent a moment.*)

(*SISTER MARTHA is seen crossing the park from the chapel to the terrace. ROXANE sees her and beckons to her by a slight motion of her head.*)

ROXANE (*to CYRANO*). Are you not going to tease Sister Martha to-day ?

CYRANO (*quickly, opening his eyes*). I am indeed! (*In a comically gruff voice.*) Sister Martha, come nearer! (*The NUN demurely comes toward him.*) Ha! ha! ha! Beautiful eyes, ever studying the ground!

SISTER MARTHA (*lifting her eyes and smiling*). But . . . (*She sees his face and makes a gesture of surprise*). Oh!

CYRANO (*low, pointing at ROXANE*). Hush! . . . It is nothing! (*In a sway-*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

gering voice, aloud.) Yesterday, I ate meat!

SISTER MARTHA. I am sure you did!
(Aside.) That is why he is so pale!
(Quickly, low.) Come to the refectory presently. I shall have ready for you there a good bowl of broth . . . You will come!

CYRANO. Yes, yes, yes.

SISTER MARTHA. Ah, you are more reasonable to-day!

ROXANE *(hearing them whisper)*. She is trying to convert you?

SISTER MARTHA. Indeed I am not!

CYRANO. It is true, you, usually almost discursive in the holy cause, are reading me no sermon! You amaze me! *(With comical fury.)* I will amaze you, too! Listen, you are authorized . . . *(With the air of casting about in his mind, and finding the jest he wants.)* Ah, now I shall amaze you! . . . pray for me, this evening . . . in the chapel.

ROXANE. Oh! oh!

CYRANO *(laughing)*. Sister Martha . . . lost in amazement!

SISTER MARTHA *(gently)*. I did not wait for your authorization. *(She goes in.)*

CYRANO *(turning to ROXANE, who is bending over her embroidery)*. The devil,

Cyrano de Bergerac.

tapestry . . . the devil, if I hope to live to see the end of you !

ROXANE. I was waiting for that jest.

(*A slight gust of wind makes the leaves fall.*)

CYRANO. The leaves !

ROXANE (*looking up from her work and gazing off toward the avenues*). They are the russet gold of a Venetian beauty's hair . . . Watch them fall !

CYRANO. How consummately they do it ! In that brief fluttering from bough to ground, how they contrive still to put beauty ! And though foredoomed to moulder upon the earth that draws them, they wish their fall invested with the grace of a free bird's flight !

ROXANE. Serious, you ?

CYRANO (*remembering himself*). Not at all, Roxane !

ROXANE. Come, never mind the falling leaves ! Tell me the news, instead . . . Where is my budget ?

CYRANO. Here it is !

ROXANE. Ah !

CYRANO (*growing paler and paler, and struggling with pain*). Saturday, the nineteenth : The king having filled his dish eight times with Cette preserves, and

Cyrano de Bergerac.

emptied it, was taken with a fever ; his
distemper, for high treason, was con-
demned to be let blood, and now the royal
pulse is rid of febriculosity ! On Sunday :
at the Queen's great ball, were burned
seven hundred and sixty-three wax
candles ; our troops, it is said, defeated
Austrian John ; four sorcerers were
hanged ; Madame Athis's little dog had a
distressing turn, the case called for a . . .

ROXANE. Monsieur de Bergerac, leave
out the little dog !

CYRANO. Monday, . . . nothing, or next
to it : Lygdamire took a fresh lover.

ROXANE. Oh !

CYRANO (*over whose face is coming a
change more and more marked*). Tuesday :
the whole Court assembled at Fontaine-
bleau. Wednesday, the fair Monglat said
to Count Fiesco " No ! " Thursday, Man-
gini, Queen of France, . . . or little less.
Twenty-fifth, the fair Monglat said to
Count Fiesco " Yes ! " And Saturday, the
twenty-sixth . . . (*He closes his eyes.
His head drops on his breast. Silence.*)

ROXANE (*surprised at hearing nothing
further, turns, looks at him and starts to
her feet in alarm*). Has he fainted ? (*She
runs to him, calling.*) Cyrano !

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO (*opening his eyes, in a faint voice*). What is it? . . . What is the matter! (*He sees ROXANE bending over him, hurriedly readjusts his hat, pulling it more closely over his head, and shrinks back in his armchair in terror*). No! no! I assure you, it is nothing! . . . Do not mind me!

ROXANE. But surely . . .

CYRANO. It is merely the wound I received at Arras . . . Sometimes . . . you know . . . even now . . .

ROXANE. Poor friend!

CYRANO. But it is nothing . . . It will pass . . . (*He smiles with effort*). It has passed.

ROXANE. Each one of us has his wound. I too have mine. It is here, never to heal that ancient wound . . . (*She places her hand on her breast*.) It is here, beneath the yellowing letter on which are still faintly visible tear-drops and drops of blood!

(*The light is beginning to grow less*).

CYRANO. His letter? . . . Did you not once say that some day . . . you might show it to me?

ROXANE. Ah! . . . Do you wish? . . . His letter?

gerac.

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grow less).
. Did you no
. . . you might

ou wish? . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. Yes . . . to-day . . . I wish
to . . .

ROXANE (*handing him the little bag from
her neck*). Here!

CYRANO. I may open it?

ROXANE. Open it . . . read! (*She goes
back to her embroidery frame, folds it up,
orders her wools.*)

CYRANO. "Good-bye, Roxane! I am
going to die!"

ROXANE (*stopping in astonishment*).
You are reading it aloud?

CYRANO (*reading*). "It is fated to come
this evening, beloved, I believe! My soul
is heavy, oppressed with love it had not
time to utter . . . and now Time is at
end! Never again, never again shall my
worshipping eyes . . ."

ROXANE. How strangely you read his
letter!

CYRANO (*continuing*). ". . . whose
passionate revel it was, kiss in its fleeting
grace your every gesture. One, usual to
you, of tucking back a little curl, comes to
my mind . . . and I cannot refrain from
crying out . . ."

ROXANE. How strangely you read his
letter! . . .

(*The darkness gradually increases*).

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO. "and I cry out : Good-bye!"

ROXANE. You read it . . .

CYRANO. "my dearest, my darling. . . .
my treasure . . ."

ROXANE. . . . in a voice . . .

CYRANO. ". . . my love! . . ."

ROXANE. . . . in a voice . . . a voice
which I am not hearing for the first time!

(ROXANE comes quietly nearer to him,
without his seeing it ; she steps behind his
armchair, bends noiselessly over his shoul-
der, looks at the letter. The darkness
deepens.)

CYRANO. ". . . My heart never desisted
for a second from your side . . . and I
am and shall be in the world that has no
end, the one who loved you without meas-
ure, the one . . ."

ROXANE (*laying her hand on his shoulder*).
How can you go on reading ? It is dark.

(CYRANO starts, and turns round ; sees her
close to him, makes a gesture of dismay and
hangs his head. Then, in the darkness
which has completely closed round them, she
says slowly, clasping her hands.) And he,
for fourteen years, has played the part of
the comical old friend who came to cheer
me!

CYRANO. Roxane!

erac.

: Good-bye!"

y darling. . . .

. . . ."

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The darkness

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Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. So it was you.

CYRANO. No, no, Roxane!

ROXANE. I ought to have divined it, if
ly by the way in which he speaks my
ame!

CYRANO. No, it was not I!

ROXANE. So it was you!

CYRANO. I swear to you . . .

ROXANE. Ah, I detect at last the whole
enerous imposture: The letters . . .
ere yours!

CYRANO. No!

ROXANE. The tender fancy, the dear
lly, . . . yours!

CYRANO. No!

ROXANE. The voice in the night, was
ours!

CYRANO. I swear to you that it was
ot!

ROXANE. The soul . . . was yours!

CYRANO. I did not love you, no!

ROXANE. And you loved me!

CYRANO. Not I . . . it was the other!

ROXANE. You loved me!

CYRANO. No!

ROXANE. Already your denial comes
more faintly!

CYRANO. No, no, my darling love, I did
not love you!

Cyrano de Bergerac.

ROXANE. Ah, how many things with the hour have died . . . how many have been born ! Why, why have been silent these long years, when on this letter, which he had no part, the tears were yours ?

CYRANO (*handing her the letter*). Because the cause . . . the blood was his.

ROXANE. Then why let the sublime bond of this silence be loosed to-day ?

CYRANO. Why ?

(LE BRET and RAGUENEAU enter running.)

LE BRET. Madness ! Monstrous madness ! . . . Ah, I was sure of it ! There he is !

CYRANO (*smiling and straightening himself*). *Tiens !* Where else ?

LE BRET. Madame, he is likely to have got his death by getting out of bed !

ROXANE. Merciful God ! A moment ago, then . . . that faintness . . . that . . .

CYRANO. It is true. I had not finished telling you the news. And on Saturday, the twenty-sixth, an hour after sundown Monsieur de Bergerac died of murder done upon him. (*He takes off his hat ; his head is seen wrapped in bandages.*)

ROXANE. What is he saying ? . . .

Cyrano de Bergerac.

things with Cyrano? . . . Those bandages about his
many have head? . . . Ah, what have they done to
been silent you? . . . Why? . . .

CYRANO. "Happy who falls, cut off by
hero, with an honest sword through his
heart!" I am quoting from myself! . . .
fate will have his laugh at us! . . . Here
I killed, in a trap, from behind, by a
racket, with a log! Nothing could be
completer! In my whole life I shall have
not had anything I wanted . . . not even
decent death!

RAGUENEAU. Ah, monsieur! . . .

CYRANO. Ragueneau, do not sob like
that! (*Holding out his hand to him.*)
and what is the news with you, these
latter days, fellow-poet?

RAGUENEAU (*through his tears*). I am
andle-snuffer at Molière's theatre.

CYRANO. Molière!

RAGUENEAU. But I intend to leave no
later than to-morrow. Yes, I am indig-
nant! Yesterday, they were giving Sca-
pin, and I saw that he has appropriated a
scene of yours.

LE BRET. A whole scene?

RAGUENEAU. Yes, monsieur. The one
in which occurs the famous "What the
devil was he doing in . . ."

Cyrano de Bergerac.

LE BRET. Molière has taken that from you !

CYRANO. Hush ! hush ! He did well to take it ! (*To RAGUENEAU.*) The scene was very effective, was it not ?

RAGUENEAU. Ah, monsieur, the public laughed . . . laughed !

CYRANO. Yes, to the end, I shall have been the one who prompted . . . and will be forgotten ! (*To ROXANE.*) Do you remember that evening on which Christian spoke to you from below the balcony ? That was the epitome of my life : while I have stood below in darkness, others have climbed to gather the kiss and glory ! It is well done, and on the brink of my grave I approve it : Molière has genius . . . Christian was a fine fellow ! (*At this moment the chapel bell having rung, the NUNS are seen passing at the back, along the avenue on their way to service.*) Let them hasten to their prayers . . . the bell is summoning them . . .

ROXANE (*rising and calling*). Sister Sister!

CYRANO (*holding her back*). No! No! do not leave me to fetch anybody! When you came back I might not be here to rejoice . . . (*The NUNS have gone into the*

bergerac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

taken that from *apel; the organ is heard.*) I longed for
little music . . . it comes in time!

He did well *ROXANE.* I love you . . . you shall
The scene wa re!

CYRANO. No! for it is only in the fairy-
leur, the publi at the shy and awkward prince
ad, I shall hav ou!" feels his ungainliness melt and
l . . . and wa rop from him in the sunshine of those
Do you remen rds! . . . But you would always know
Christian spok ll well, dear Heart, that there had taken
balcony? Ther ace in your poor slave no beautifying
life: while ange!

ss, others hav *ROXANE.* I have hurt you . . . I have
and glory! I reeked your life, I! . . . I!

k of my grave *CYRANO.* You? . . . The reverse! Wo-
ius . . . Chris an's sweetness I had never known. My
At this momen other . . . thought me unflattering. I
y, the NUNS ad no sister. Later, I shunned Love's
ng the avenue ross-road in fear of mocking eyes. To
et them haste ou I owe having had, at least among the
ell is summon he gentle and fair, a friend. Thanks to
ou there has passed across my life the
lling). Sister ustle of a woman's gown.

LE BRET (*calling his attention to the*
moonlight peering through the branches).
ck). No! No our other friend, among the gentle
ybody! Whe and fair, is there . . . she comes to see
be here to re ou!
e gone into th

Cyrano de Bergerac.

CYRANO (*smiling to the moon*). I see her
ROXANE. I never loved but one . . .
and twice I lose him!

CYRANO. Le Bret, I shall ascend into
the opalescent moon, without need this
time of a flying-machine!

ROXANE. What are you saying?

CYRANO. Yes, it is there, you may be
sure, I shall be sent for my Paradise.
More than one soul of those I have
loved must be apportioned there . . .
There I shall find Socrates and Galileo!

LE BRET (*in revolt*). No! No! It is too
senseless, too cruel, too unfair! So true a
poet! So great a heart! To die . . . like
this! To die! . . .

CYRANO. As ever . . . Le Bret is
grumbling!

LE BRET (*bursting into tears*). My
friend! My friend!

CYRANO (*lifting himself, his eyes wild*).
They are the Gascony Cadets! . . . Made
in the gross . . . Eh, yes! . . . the weak-
ness of the weakest point . . .

LE BRET. Learned . . . even in his
delirium! . . .

CYRANO. Copernicus said . . .

ROXANE. Oh!

CYRANO. But what the devil was he

gerac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

on). I see her . . . and what the devil was he
but one . . . going in that galley ?

ll ascend into
out need this

saying ?

e, you may be
my Paradise,
those I have

ed there . . .
nd Galileo!

No ! It is to
air ! So true
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. . . the weak

. . .
even in his

l . . .

devil was he

Philosopher and physicist,
Musician, rhymester, duellist,
Explorer of the upper blue,
Retorter apt with point and point,
Lover as well,—not for his peace !
Here lies Hercule Savinien
De Cyrano de Bergerac,

Who was everything . . . but of account !
But, your pardons, I must go . . . I wish

No ! It is to keep no one waiting . . . See, a moon-
air ! So true beam, come to take me home ! (*He has*
o die . . . like *dropped in his chair; ROXANE'S weeping*
calls him back to reality; he looks at her

and gently stroking her mourning veil.) I
do not wish . . . indeed, I do not wish . . .

that you should sorrow less for Christian,
be comely and the kind ! Only I wish

that when the everlasting cold shall have
seized upon my fibres, this funereal veil

should have a twofold meaning, and the
mourning you wear for him be worn for

me too . . . a little !

ROXANE. I promise . . .

CYRANO (*seized with a great shivering,*
starts to his feet). Not there ! No ! Not

an elbow-chair ! (*All draw nearer to*

Cyrano de Bergerac.

help him.) Let no one stay me ! No one
(*He goes and stands against the tree.*) Nothing but this tree ! (*Silence.*) She comes
Mors, the indiscriminate Madame ! . . .
Already I am booted with marble . . .
gauntleted with lead ! (*He stiffens himself.*) Ah, since she is now on her way,
will await her standing . . . (*He draws his sword.*) Sword in hand !

LE BRET. Cyrano !

ROXANE (*swooning*). Cyrano !

(*All start back, terrified.*)

CYRANO. I believe she is looking at
me . . . that she dares to look at my nose,
the bony baggage who has none ! (*He
raises his sword.*) What are you saying ?
That it is no use ? . . . I know it ! But
one does not fight because there is hope of
winning ! No ! . . . no ! . . . it is much
finer to fight when it is no use ! . . .
What are all those ? You are a thousand
strong ? . . . Ah, I know you now . . .
all my ancient enemies ! . . . Hypocrisy
. . . (*He beats with his sword, in the
vacancy.*) Take this ! and this ! Ha ! Ha !
Compromises ? . . . and Prejudices ? and
dastardly Expedients ? (*He strikes.*) That
I should come to terms, I ? . . . Never !
Never ! . . . Ah, you are there too, you

erac.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

me! No one
(*the tree.*) Noth
She comes
Madame! . . .
marble . . .
stiffens him
on her way.
(*He draws his*
ano!
)
is looking at
ok at my nose,
as none! (*He*
you saying
know it! But
here is hope of
. . . it is much
no use! . . .
re a thousand
you now . . .
. Hypocrisy
word, in the
his! Ha! Ha!
ejudices? and
strikes.) That
. . . Never!
here too, you

bloated and pompous Silliness! I know
full well that you will lay me low at
last . . . No matter: whilst I have breath,
I will fight you, I will fight you, I will
fight you! (*He waves his sword in great*
sweeping circles, and stops, panting.) Yes,
you have wrested from me everything,
laurel as well as rose . . . Work your
wills! . . . Spite of your worst, some-
thing will still be left me to take whither
I go . . . and to-night when I enter God's
house, in saluting, broadly will I sweep
the azure threshold with what despite of
all I carry forth unblemished and un-
spent . . . (*He starts forward, with lifted*
sword.) . . . and that is . . . (*The sword*
falls from his hands, he staggers, drops in
the arms of LE BRET and RAGUENEAU.)
ROXANE (*bending over him and kissing*
his forehead.) That is? . . .
CYRANO (*opens his eyes again, recognizes*
her and says with a smile.) . . . My
volume!

(*Curtain.*)